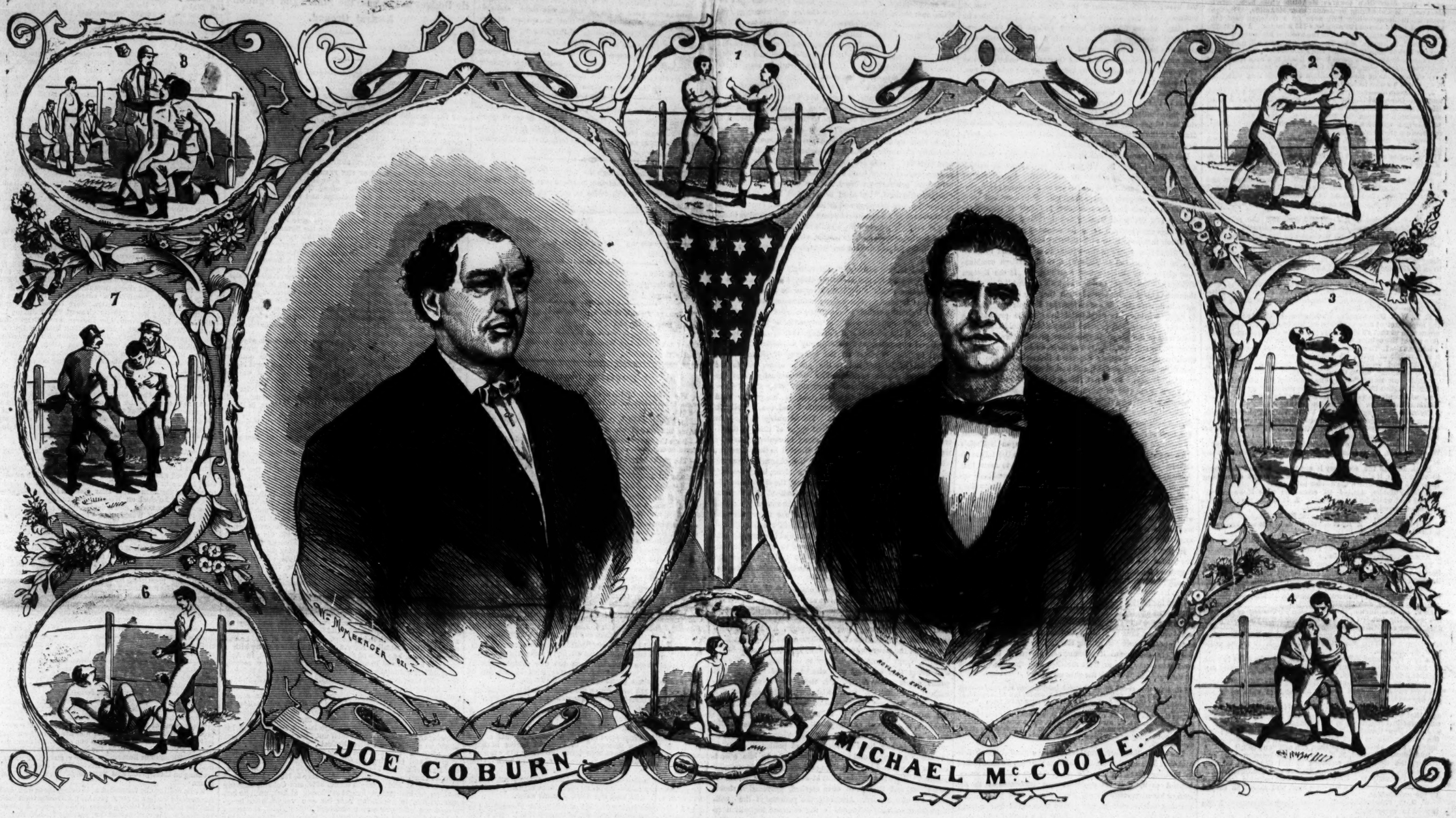
NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868. | VOLUME XVI.—No. 9. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP FIZZLE.



PORTRAITS OF THE MEN THAT DIDN'T FIGHT,

With Illustrations of Natural Positions that Occur in a P. R. Battle, in Eight Tableaux. Taken by Our Own Designing Men and Hewers of Wood Expressly for the Clipper.

POSITIONS.

1. SQUARING OFF. 2. THE COUNTER. 3. THE BACK HEEL THROW. 4. IN CHANCERY. 5. THE DROP. 6. THE KNOCK DOWN 7. CARRYING TO THE CORNER. 8. THROWING UP THE SPONGE.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART SECOND

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER YEAR—WHAT HAS BECOME OF WILLIE?—A LETTER TO LONDON—A LETTER FROM LONDON—THE DYING FATHER—THE CHARGE—ALONE WITH THE DEAD.

A year passed away over James Ross, and though thinner and paler, the insidious malady which had laid hold on him did not seem to have made any fatal progress. Maggie had become accustomed to the stage, could dance passably, and with great trepidation, it must be confessed had played two or three little parts under Mr. Gower's tuition. She was studying a good deal at home, knowing that the words of a part once thoroughly mastered, the rest, with talent and practice, is easily learned. Willie Burn's year of probation came to an end, but no word arrived from him, and both James Ross and his daughter began to think that the young man had found other attractions in the gay world of London, and had forgotten his youthful passion for his girlish love. Willie was not false, however. He had fixed the day for his return to Scotland for a week's holiday, and was already enjoying in anticipation the pleasures of a meeting. But "Man proposes, and God disposes," the proverb says; and weeks passed by and by, and he did not set out on his northward journey. An accident, fatal at first, it was thought, befell him in the course of his daily work; and the day fixed for the commencement of his holidays saw him stretched on a bed of terrible suffering in the nearest hospital. Day after day he hoped for a speedy recovery, and would allow the nurse to write to none on his behalf.

"I have no relations," he said, "to trouble themselves about me; and there is no need to worry any friends I may have till I am able to go and see them, and tell them myself I am better. All I want is to get well as quickly as I can.

Mr. Gower heard of the accident and so, in all probability, would his man, but another hand gave the manager his letter on that particular morning. James Ross was very ill; dying, the messenger said. Mr. Gower was very sorry and more perplexed; his confidential servant had become a necessity during his many years of service, but the news was true, nevertheless. He had been attacked during the night with a return of the old alarming symptoms, and the doctors gave their opinions that he could not possibly recover or even live many days. This master did all that could be done, perhaps more than most men would do; he called upon his suffering servant and bade him rest easy about his salary; excused Maggie from her daily attendance at the theatre, and whispered an injunction to her to be punctual at the treasury on Saturday; then went away and shut himself up with his papers. The evening post carried a letter to London.

"Gregory Ranger, Esq.,
"Royal Adelaide Theatre,
"Elideham street,
"Strand, London, W. C.
"Camperton, Wednesday.

"DEAR RANGER—I shall not be in London for a month at least; we are all at sixes and sevens here just now, in the thick of getting up Goodwin's great drama. Of course we localise it, and call it 'Rich and Poor in Camperton,' and I think it will make a hit and run several weeks—it should. If it does, expect me for a week. I have sundry private perplexities of my own, too, apart from my kingdom and its duties and responsibilities. James Ross, my secretary I may almost call him, for he has become so lately, is dying, and where to fill his place I don't know; if you could send me a fellow like your own Hedley or Wortley's Richmon, he's too sharp for Camperton) I'd be everlastingly grateful. Ross was invaluable, there was always a spice of mystery about him, but I think I knew his story pretty correctly. He has a very pretty daughter, who I think some day will make a noise in the world; she has talent and industry, and is very teachable. I am sorry to hear of young Burn's accident; he was a promising lad. If you don't want him when he recovers and can't give him a lift, he can come back here, though I should be glad to see him get on in London. I should think he would be the very man for Wortley, now he is taking to pieces got up with such minuteness of detail. You could say a word for him in that quarter, could you not? By the way, talking of Wortley, who is the lady he is going to bring out? Is it true that she is Lord Loraine's mistress? I was interrupted at this point by a somewhat singular occurrence, and strange to say the lady whose name I have just inquired figured in it. A strange man, gaunt and ragged, and looking more like an escaped lunatic than anything else, had followed Maggie Ross (the girl spoken of just now) into the theatre and called her his daughter. So I gathered at least when I could persuade three or four scared women to hold their tongues. The girl had come on some errand, and the man had seized her by the arm in the street, and calling her by an opprobrious name, had reproached her with living in infamy with Lord Loraine and leaving him to starve. I don't think he was drunk, for he talked rationally enough to me when he found his mistake, but he declares this Ross' daughter is the very counterpart of his child who ran away from him some years since, and whom he knows is living with Lord Loraine. Poor fellow, her ingratitude seemed to be the sorest point with him, but he dropped some mysterious hints which led me to imagine she was not his own child. He was a showman, he said, and prosperous, till this girl, who was a dancer, ran away from him; since then everything has gone wrong altogether, he says, and now his wife is very ill, and they are in great poverty. I had a sort of fellow feeling for him, remembering some of my own early experiences (have you forgotten old times, I wonder?) so I gave him a trifle to help him on his way. It's a queer mysterious affair altogether, isn't it?

"Yours, with no abatement of our old friendship,
"JOHN GOWER.

"To G. RANGER, Esq."

Mr. Ranger's answer came back almost by return:—

"ADELAIDE THEATRE, Friday.

"DEAR GOWER.—I received yours in due course. Your *protegee* in the hospital is getting better; he is really very ingenious. He is making a model theatre for the doctor's children, and it is really a wonderful piece of mechanism. I shouldn't mind trying some of his plans on a large scale. I've seen Wortley's new opus; she is very beautiful, but if she'll ever make much name as an actress, 'write me down an ass.' Flesh and blood beauty, nothing more. She is exquisitely pretty, but she seems to me too delicate in her loveliness to be the child of such a man as you describe. Her career has been a strange one, I have heard, but there are so many reports current that it doesn't do to believe them all. That she was a stroller at one time, and then a dancer at Cremorne under the name of Mademoiselle Annie, is pretty certain. At present she is Miss Madeline Lennox, under the protection of the Marquis Loraine, with an unheard of capacity for spending money, and an ambition to exhibit her beauty on the boards. Wortley had spared no pains to give the thing *eclat*, and I suspect he will be no loser, even should his scheme prove a failure. There is one odd thing about this girl. She is seldom seen in public now, but she is spoken of as being the living image of the Countess of Lorton. They say it is quite marvelous. Believe me, yours as ever,

"GREGORY RANGER.

"To J. GOWER, Esq."

Margaret Ross, on that same evening, sat beside her father's dying bed. Dying now, not a doubt of it! The fondest love that ever made a loving heart cling to hope till hope could exist no longer could see naught but death upon his pallid brow, and Maggie sat with clasped hands and bowed head, feeling as if the whole world were slipping from her grasp with her father's ebbing life. Presently he stirred and spoke.

"Maggie," he said; "little Maggie!"

What a world of love and tenderness there was in those two little words! Maggie's calmness nearly gave way as she heard them, but she quietly took his hand.

"Are we alone, my child?"

"Yes, father."

"I have something to say to you; something which must be said while I have life and strength to speak. Are you listening to me, my dear?"

"Yes, father."

"I am going to leave you a charge, Maggie; a sad charge to be laid on one so young, but I cannot die without telling you—your mother——"

"My mother!" said his daughter. "Is she not dead?"

"No; she is alive. Yes, my child, she is. You thought her dead, as did most others, but she lives, Maggie—lives to be your sorrow as she has been my shame."

He fainted, exhausted by even those few words, and sank back. Maggie hastened to give him a restorative and to bathe his pale face.

"I want you to promise me, Maggie, that you will seek your mother—that you will help her—that you will tell her her husband forgave her and prayed for her before he died. Will you do this for me?"

"I will do anything you ask me, father."

"I need not tell you where you must seek her. You know her sad story. She has gone from bad to worse, my child, till there is not a den in the worst haunt of all wicked London too foul to be the home and shelter of—my wife and your mother!"

"Oh, father, don't speak of it" said poor Maggie, seeing his agitated face. "I'll find my mother, and carry your message to her if it costs me my life to do it. Father, dear father, I'll never forget who she is for one moment, however or wherever I find her, and I will do it, heaven helping me. Do you hear me?" she continued, terrified at the look on his face. "Father, speak again."

"I hear you, my darling," he said, rousing himself with difficulty, for the shadow of the darkness into which no light can enter was drawing very close upon him now; "heaven bless you for what you have said, And, Maggie, when people talk to you of your beauty (for they will do it, my dear; you're prettier than she was; like her, but prettier), think of her, and don't listen to them."

"Rest now, dear father; you are tired."

"I am tired, my little girl; but there will be no rest for me now till I rest in my quiet grave. Let me lean my head on your arm, my darling, and feel you are near me."

She drew his head—grey now with many a year of trouble and anxiety—on her arm, and kissed his lips. Then she sat still for a long time, her other hand fast clasped in her father's. His eyes were lovingly bent upon her, and his hand grasped hers as if he would fain keep a hold on her to the very verge of the dark river. Once his lips moved, and she bent her head close to hear what he said. His words startled her rather—

"I wish Willie Burn had come back."

"Why, dear?" she asked, softly, but there was no answer. He was asleep she thought, and she sat still for fear of waking him.

Alas! it was a sleep beyond her waking, had she but known it. And the clock struck hour after hour, and the hired nurse put in her head to be dismissed with a nod; and night waned and morning broke over the world, and the sun rose red and bright over the smoke and toil of Camperton, and little birds sang a joyous reveille from every hedge by the wayside, and Margaret Ross was alone with her dead.

CHAPTER XI.

UP IN THE WORLD—AT A BIRMINGHAM HOTEL—WHAT A GENTLEMAN—BREAD AND CHEESE FOR THE WAYFARER—MAGGIE'S PORTRAIT—STRANGE REVELATIONS—LIVES IN THE CHAIN—EUREKA!

Mr. Gower's recommendation had its effect; the one London manager had spoken to the other respecting Willie Burn, and he was to be transferred to the Royal Albert Theatre, under Mr. Adrian Wortley.

This situation was of somewhat an anomalous kind; he was neither a carpenter, machinist, nor a painter, but a sort of compound of all three—inventor-general, in fact, to the establishment.

He never entered on his duties, however, for one of those sudden freaks of fortune awaited him which fall to mortals perhaps once in a hundred years.

He had discovered in some of his experiments the secret of one of the fashionable dyes so elegant and so expensive; and already, though only a few months since it was rapidly making him a name, and what was of far more consequence to him, putting money in his pocket.

He had not lost sight of Maggie Ross, though she had of him; he had heard of her father's death and her London engagements in the very theatre where he himself was to have worked, but he was biding his time, waiting till he could take his darling to a house such as he deemed fit for her, and snatch her from all druggery for ever. The time seemed not far distant now; orders and offers for his new discovery were pouring in on all sides, and Willie could look and dress like a gentleman.

He was in Birmingham on a lovely autumn day, having met the proprietor of a large factory by appointment, and was whiling away two or three hours as best he might before returning to town.

He had looked over the *Times* and all the rest of the papers scattered on the coffee-room table, and was just musing over an article which deplored the sudden disappearance of Miss Madeline Lennox from Mr. Wortley's theatre—for that fascinating young lady had found the nightly drudgery of acting not at all to her taste, and not being under the necessity of working for the diamonds and lace and adornments generally with which she loved to bedeck herself, had stigmatized the business altogether as—

"A horrid bore!"

And retired in great state, under the most aristocratic protection, in a cottage *ornee* at Highgate, from which she daily emerged in dazzling array to become the cynosure of all male eyes in her *petite* equipage in the drive, or by her faultless equipment and splendid Arabian in the Row.

Willie Burn was pondering all this in his heart.

"How like that girl was to Maggie!" he said to himself. "The very counterpart in face but not in heart."

"The *Times*, if you are not using it, sir," said a voice behind him. He turned and the new comer started. "Bless my soul," he said, "I should know you!"

"Am I so much changed, Mr. Barton?" said Willie, holding out his hand.

"Burn!" exclaimed Barton, for it was Mr. Wortley's man of business. "You are changed indeed; let me congratulate you on your good luck. What are you doing here, my boy?"

"Only waiting for the train at present," he replied. "Let me return the question. "What brings you here?"

"Business, my boy, business, going to Lorton Castle with some of the company. *Tableaux vivants*, and a lot of rubbish; what people want to go to all the bother in their own houses for, when they see the thing done so much better in a theatre, I can't think."

"And how are things going on with you; I've been so busy lately, and I'm out of the way of theatres altogether. I live away down at Limehouse with a Scotch woman, a Mrs. Grant, who had a daughter at your place who died in the spring, and since then, poor old soul, she abhors the name of a theatre."

"Ah, I remember," said Barton, somewhat uneasily, as the recollection of poor Mary Grant came over him very uncomfortably, and with extreme vividness. "Weakly girl she was; will you drink with me, Burn? What shall it be?"

And so, shuffling off the subject, he rang the bell. He gave his orders, and then suddenly recollecting something, he called, as the man was leaving the room:—

"Waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"There's a poor devil in the tap, if he hasn't gone, fancying I had forgotten him! take him a pint of ale, and some bread and cheese."

"Yes, sir."

"A queer fish I picked up out of Edgebaston this morning (I'm waiting for Sobryme and some of the people, by-the-bye), when I was strolling out there. I once had a concern of my own travelling; and I stopped there some time, and I met with this man in a public house, trying to extort a penny from the Brums with a few conjuring tricks. He seemed really a clever sort of fellow; he had one or two things you'd like to have seen, one especially, with balls and strings, very ingenious."

"I should like to see it; where is he?" said the young man, his mechanical fancies aroused by the report.

"I told him to go to the tap; I suppose it wouldn't be pollution to send for him here."

The bell was rung, and the waiter despatched for the man.

"Well, my man," said Barton, "had your peck, eh?"

"Yes, and thank you, sir," he replied, "'tisn't often one meets with a good turn like that. Last time I was in these parts I was traveling with my own concern, a regular theatre; a stunning company I had, too."

"This gentleman would like to see that thing you were working when I saw you. Have you got it with you?"

"Yes, sir," the man replied, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out a miscellaneous handful of articles. "This is it, sir."

The string attached to it caught in something, and being pulled out with a jerk, brought with it a common little miniature case, which fell open on the floor.

"Maggie Ross!" exclaimed Willie Burn in astonishment. "Where did you get this, man?"

"Bought it and paid for it," was the reply, in a somewhat surly tone.

"Madeline Lennox!" was Mr. Barton's remark, at the sight of the face portrayed.

"Right *you* are, sir," said the owner of the picture.

"Might you know her now?"

"Rather!" was the reply.

"What is she to you?"

"More than she'd like me to tell her fine friends up yonder; only my daughter, the huzzy!"

"She's fearfully like Maggie," said Willie Burn, half aloud.

"She's more like some one else I know," Barton said musingly. "I did not know you knew Miss Ross, Mr. Burn."

"Oh, I've known her many a long year," he replied. "We lived so near each other at Camperton, and were in the theatre there together."

"Camperton!" said the man. "Then I've seen her; you might well think this was like her, sir, for I took her for my daughter. Miss Margaret Ross: I remember the name quite well. I should have got into a scrape about it, but the manager was a good gentleman and seemed to believe me."

He showed them the ingenious tricks he had been exhibiting and went away, Mr. Barton following him.

"I want a word with you," he said. "I've a notion that you and I may serve each other by-and-bye."

They went into a private room and were closeted together some half an hour. The waiter was curious and the key-hole was large, but Mr. Barton was a wary man, and guarded against people of an inquiring turn of mind by leaving the key in the lock. When they came out the man merely wished him good-night and departed, and Mr. Wortley's man of business went his way back to the coffee-room.

"Burn," he said, "there is a fine romance of real life brewing just now."

"Is there? Where?"

Everywhere where Madeline Lennox and Margaret Ross and a third party I could name are. I've got an idea, but I don't think I can follow it up myself. I fancy you can help me."

"How?"

Mr. Barton hesitated a moment; he hardly knew whether to let any one else know his suspicions. If they were correct they might be valuable, if incorrect he ran the chance of being in an awkward position as a busybody.

"I'll tell him," he muttered. "If anything should come of it, I can make him useful through Maggie, as he calls her. Have you ever seen Lady Lorton?" he asked.

"Yes; why?"

"Did it never strike you that Miss Ross is her very image?"

"I never thought of such a thing, but I remember of thinking her ladyship like some one I knew."

"Well, it's the strangest thing imaginable, and Miss Lennox is still more like her ladyship if possible, for she has blue eyes if you remember."

"Yes, I know," said the young man, puzzled to know what was coming. "But what can you make of a likeness?"

"Nothing, of a likeness alone, but with other things; you have heard this story of the Earl of Lorton's marriage?"

"A dozen stories, at least," said the young man, laughing, "not one of them true, I dare say."

"I know the real one. I had it from his lordship's valet. They were married on the sly somewhere, and her ladyship had twin daughters."

"Twin daughters?"

"Yes; they were born at a little village in Scotland, called Kinghorn, at the house of a man named Matthews, who had been the old earl's valet some time before."

"Kinghorn! Matthews!" said Willie Burn, in an agitated tone.

"Yes, do you know the place?"

"I never was there," was the reply. "Go on."

"Well, both these children died; one in the house of Matthews, one by a railway accident at Perth some months after; and now comes the pith of the affair. The man you saw here just now fetched his child away from the infirmary or the workhouse there soon after."

"His child!"

"So he affirmed then; I fancy he would tell a different tale now if he thought he could make anything by it. I rather fancy he made a slight mistake. He has a curious collection of relics with him that I got a sight of just now, which I fancy, the Countess of Lorton would know if she saw them."

"Are you serious?"

"As ever I was in my life, my dear fellow."

"But how came the man to tell you?"

"I played rather a bold game with him; I assumed more than I knew, and he immediately jumped to the conclusion that I knew more than I did."

"It's very strange."

"It *is* a strange affair. The countess has never ceased to mourn those infants, and has all sorts of presentiments, and dreams and things about them (so the servants say)."

"I don't think Maggie Ross is one of them," said Willie, smiling. "I think I know pretty well all her history. I believe (I'm not certain, mind) that her father is the very Matthews in whose house those twins were born."

"James Matthews her father! Are you sure?"

"Not quite; I heard he changed his name—some dreadful affair about his wife, I believe—and I know I've heard his name was Matthews. Stay, I have it! My landlady could tell that; her brother is a doctor in that very village, and has been for thirty years."

"Capital! We shall get at something at last. The mists clear away like the gauzes of a transformation scene. There has been some blunder about these babies, depend upon it, in some way or other."

"Miss Ross has a peculiar mark which would identify her anywhere. A strange red streak."

"Where?" asked Barton, excitedly.

"Across the back of the hand—so." He drew his finger across his hand. "Like the mark left by a whip."

Mr Barton jumped up and clapped his hands.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed. "I have the links in my hand, if I could only find the way to join them! Why

man, that's the distinguishing mark of the family—the Lorton brand!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUESCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,880 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

SAWDUST, Ottawa.—1. London, 2,900,000; New York, 815,670; Philadelphia, 600,000; New Orleans, 178,000; Cincinnati, 265,000; Chicago, 110,250; St. Louis, 170,000; San Francisco, 60,000; according to last census. 2. We have no record of such event. 3. Crosby Opera House, Chicago, is one of the largest. 4. Bryants' and Kelly and Leon's. 5. The New York Circus. 6. We know nothing about it. 7. Monteverdi, Lester and Gilbonnoise.

BURKE THE SLOGGER.—1. The origin of the fight between Teddy McAuliffe and John McCabe grew out of the latter's overbearing disposition towards McAuliffe while both were in the army, McCabe being lieutenant over McAuliffe. The fight occurred in Jersey while both were on a furlough Sept. 9th, 1866, and Teddy won in 130 rounds in 145 minutes. 2. McAuliffe can be backed against any man in the world of his weight.

BANSHEE, Baltimore, Md.—The man who was willing to fight had the best of the argument. The seconds have nothing to do with the matter; and we never before heard of a man refusing to fight upon such a plea, which is foolish in the extreme. It was very strange that he could not obtain any at the ring side, and, if so, it was his own lookout.

J. D., Newark.—Jimmy Elliott was beaten by little Billy Clark and Jem Dunn and fought a draw with the late Van Winkle. His battle with Bill Davis we have since learned was a coat arrangement between the two men to raise a stake, and as neither one was hurt, the victory, although awarded to Elliot, reflected no credit upon him.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Charles Freeman, the American giant, stood 6 feet 10½ inches, and weighed 250 lbs. 2. The Tipton Slasher stood 6 feet ½ inch, and weighed 178 lbs. 3. Melvin Foster. 4. He has been on the retired list for a long time.

STAR, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. The fight between Heenan and Sayers was for £200 a side and the belt. 2. Gladiateur ran 1 mile and 17 yards in 1 minute 39 seconds, at Newmarket, Eng. The fastest mile pacing time on record was made by Pocahontas, viz: 2:17½.

S. W. B., Painted Post, N. Y.—In jumping, the rule is to toe the first mark and heel the last; the measured distance must be fairly cleared, which would not be the case if the jump was measured from heel to heel.

BOB, St. Louis, Mo.—1. See answer to "S. W. B." 2. Morrissey defeated Geo. Thompson in 11 rounds, 16 minutes; Sullivan in 37 rounds, 55 minutes; and Heenan in 11 rounds, 21 minutes.

DIAVOLO.—1. See our turf department. 2 Coulter, the carman, resides in Manchester, Pa., about two miles below Pittsburgh. His quickest five mile time is recorded as 38:20, made in his race with Bill Jackson.

F. T., WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, D. C.—As the vote in the impeachment case was taken on the two strongest points, it appears to us that all the weaker ones were included, and therefore are of the opinion that A should pay the V.

CHARLES.—1. There was such a work published, but we believe it is now out of print. 2. Yes. 3. Send twenty-five cents to this office and we will remit a copy of the rules. 4. At Woodhand's, Broadway, above Canal, this city.

"DEAF TOM SMITH."—Any one knowing the whereabouts of this old English boxer, supposed to be residing near Honesdale, Pa., will confer a favor by forwarding his address to Dooney Harris at this office. Business important.

CENTRAL CITY, Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Yes, Stephen Roberts, whose advertisement will be found in this issue, can supply you with what you desire. 2. The letter alluded to was not received. 3. Send us the report.

A. W.—Cartes de visite of James E. Murdoch can be had of W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place, this city. You cannot get any of Fanny Kemble.

H. G. H.—As the secretary is empowered to send challenges to other clubs, it should be accepted as a challenge emanating from the club to which the sender belongs.

J. F. J., Mobile, Ala.—1. Of course he wins if he accomplished that which he bet he would. 2. It means that the Mutual nine played against twelve men.

BEN ORR, Flint, Mich.—1. Heenan, 178 lbs; Sayers' fighting weight was 152 lbs. 2. He is married. 3. We do not know who is best in that section.

R. L., Grand Rapids, Mich.—You win. Gladiateur ran one mile and seventeen yards in one minute and thirty-nine seconds, at Newmarket, Eng., May 1865.

FIGHTER.—1. Sam Collyer was born at Bologne, France, of Scotch parents. 2 Tom King, who fought Heenan, was born August 14, 1835, in Silver street, Stepney, London, Eng.

J. B. P., Vicksburg, Miss.—We have no time to answer correspondents by mail. Coburn was born in Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20, 1835.

M. B. F., Washington, D. C.—We don't know any of the parties personally, but you will find the information you seek, probably, in our advertising columns.

READER, Brooklyn.—1. He was born in March, 1827; is a good comedian, but not the best in the business. 2. It means coolness—indifference.

DRAMA, Providence.—We believe a history of the stage in your city has been published, but not having seen it, we cannot say whether it is reliable or not.

CORRESPONDENT, Baltimore.—Your last two communications have not reached us until Tuesday afternoon of each week, just one day too late.

YOUNG AMERICA, Elmira.—You would not find any manager that would give you such a position unless you have had some practical experience in the business.

J. L., New Orleans.—If the batter calls for a knee ball and the pitcher delivers a ball between the knee and shoulder, the umpire, after warning the pitcher, can call "one ball."

ENQUIRER, Waterford, N. Y.—In the fight between Lilly and McCoy, the former was seconded by Billy Ford and Country McCluskey, and the latter by Jim Sanford and Ben Chanfreid.

TURF, Philadelphia.—Unless collusion and palpable fraud can be proven, a decision by a referee is final, and should be obeyed by the stakeholder.

W. H. C., Philadelphia.—1. See our minstrel summary. 2. She is good in everything.

NICHOLAS HOUSE, Bangor.—1. The thrower of the five fives wins. 2. Five throws beat four aces and a tray.

YEARLY SUBSCRIBER.—We never before heard of such a person. Is he a public performer?

SOLDIER BOY, Pioneer, Pa.—Elliott's weight, when in proper condition, is 160 lbs.

W. T. M.—Hyer defeated Sullivan at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md., in 16 rounds, 17 minutes and 18 seconds, Feb. 7, 1849.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati, O.—Coburn and O'Baldwin set to at the former's exhibition at the Stadt Theatre, in this city.

CAIRO.—1. Coburn beat McCoole in 67 rounds, 1 hour and 10 minutes, May 5, 1863. 2. Coburn and Price fought a draw.

R. L. G., Centreville.—The issue of the CLIPPER containing the list of circuses is entirely exhausted.

RHODE ISLAND, Providence.—Opened in Sept. 1854, with the "Rivals."

BALL TOSSER.—The Athletics won the first game, 18 to 16; the Mutuals the second and third—23 to 21 and 18 to 17.

YOUNG PHILADELPHIA.—It may shuffle them, but A is entitled to the last shuffle.

IRON CITY, Reading, Pa.—Write to Wilmer & Rogers, corner Nassau and Liberty streets, this city.

H. M., North Bridgewater, N. Y.—Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1860.

J. A. M., London, C. W.—B and C go out together and divide the stakes.

JAMES St. Louis.—Write to Roberts & Son, 96 Ninth avenue, this city, who can send them for from $5 to $6

NED F., NEW HAVEN.—Write to one of our dramatic agents, who attend to that business.

CURIOUS, Louisville.—We sent the letter to Battle Creek, Mich., on the 1st inst.

E. W. R., New Orleans, La.—Coburn was born in Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland.

W. P. Buffalo, N. Y.—Donnelly fought Tom Hall, Cooper, and Oliver.

READER, Battle Creek, Michigan—Heenan was beaten by Tom King, at Wadhurst, Eng., Dec. 10th, 1863.

P. S., Warren, O.—Five sixes beat five aces.

BUCKEY.—The non-dealer scores game when there is a tie.

E. S.—Cannot inform you whether Amy is with them or not.

R. H. S.—James Maffitt is the most original of the two.

WATT WELLS, Detroit, Mich.—He did—at Sing Sing.

F. Q.—A catch bet, and should be drawn.

SPORT, Brookline, Mass.—Decidedly not.

H. F. W., Denver.—We never issued such documents.

TOO OFFICIOUS BY HALF.

The officers of the law, hounded on by such papers as the *Tribune* and the *Independent*, exhibit the most extraordinary promptitude when it is announced that a friendly bout is to take place between two well known professors of the manly art, and employ every imaginable device to prevent a meeting. They allow all the usual preparations to be made without hindrance, and when everything is ready, and parties have been put to heavy expense and trouble, down they come upon the principals and the affair is squelshed for an indefinite time. We admire the sturdy Puritan virtue of our officials, who, of course, never indulged in anything like recreation in their lives, and always took care not to transgress a law (when it did not interfere with them), but it does appear to us that this is carrying things beyond the bounds of reason. The ring is one of the most time-honored of popular institutions, having even received the patronage of royalty, and, as it teaches nothing worse than that every man should be trained to rely upon his muscle for self protection, instead of employing the tools of the assassin, we conceive that it is entitled rather to protection than discouragement. In the present nature of things, war, of course, is unavoidable; but if governing classes exhibited the same alacrity in doing away with warfare which they have manifested in putting a quietus upon prize fighting, the world would not be so wicked as it is, and vast sums of money would be saved for useful purposes. We have no objection to wholesome restrictions, calculated to promote fair play and guard against accidents; that is another matter, but the law should certainly make some discrimination. Thousands of our citizens take a lively interest in the Turf and other open-air pastimes, as they have a perfect right to do, and nobody thinks of interfering with them. In fact, many official personages are to be seen not only at races, but also overlooking the very sports of the ring which in their magisterial capacity they condemn. The ring has its acknowledged abuses; so have the theatres; so have even the churches; so have the greater portion of those pursuits and pleasures in which mankind concern themselves; but who thinks of abolishing them therefore? Because there is occasionally a dishonest public functionary, should all offices be for that reason discontinued? Would you permanently close all public houses because some of them happen to be badly conducted? The subject is one which calls for reflection and justifiable legal remedy.

COULON'S SEE IT.—Senator Ross, in explanation of his vote, says:—"With the light before me, I could not find the President guilty." Some evil-minded Radical says, the light before him was probably obscured by the "Wool he" pulled over his eyes

THE [illegible] CHAMPIONSHIP
BETWEEN [illegible]
MIKE McCOOLE AND JOE COBURN.

This pugilistic meeting, originally set down for Wednesday, May 27th, has, for the present, been brought to a very unsatisfactory termination, the match ending in "no fight" and the arrest and imprisonment of the principals. In another part of the CLIPPER our representative has given details of the events connected with the fizzle, and to that report we invite the reader's attention, at the same time asking a perusal of the following remarks:—

We have repeatedly noticed, where large sums of money are involved in the issue of important sporting events, such apparent difficulty is experienced in bringing such affairs to a speedy and honorable termination, one party or the other endeavoring by every means in their power to compass a "sure thing" for themselves, or, failing in that, by wrangling, prevent the adversary from securing the prize. When Hyer and Sullivan fought their important match for $10,000, they were hunted by the officers of the law for some time previously, and nothing but a determination to fight enabled the pugilists to elude the vigilance of those sent in search of them. There was something more than money involved in that extraordinary match, however—there was a deep rooted personal feeling existing between the men which nothing but a hand to hand combat could eradicate—*they both meant fighting*; and, despite the efforts made to prevent it, Hyer and Sullivan succeeded in circumventing the authorities and meeting each other in the Prize Ring, a desperate contest resulting in the vanquishment of the previously invincible "Yankee." Had either principal been doubtful as to the result of the pending battle, an arrest could have been easily effected, and the match thereby quashed. When Heenan and Sayers were training for their $10,000 match, they, too, were harassed by officers of the law; but they, too, "meant business," and they also succeeded in confronting each other in the ring. It was not until it became evident that Sayers was getting the worst of it, and was likely to lose the battle, that those who had lavishly ventured their money on him began to look round for the means of saving themselves; and this, it was seen, could only be effected by breaking up the fight in a row. Heenan had the battle "well in hand," his adversary was nearly gone, and with his vanquishment immense sums of money would be lost by the Sayers faction. They, therefore, at a favorable opportunity, let down the ropes, forced themselves into the ring and stopped the fight, the referee pronounced the match a draw, and the party who had all along been booked to win, *sure*, were then enabled to save their money.

The fight between McCoole and Coburn was to have been for a like heavy stake, viz., $10,000, and large sums in outside wagers were also dependent on the result. A great deal of strategy must, therefore, be used to secure this money, or to prevent the adverse party from pocketing it. Both men had their factions, and both factions were active in behalf of their principals. The eastern division—generally shrewd operators, and not always conscientious as to the means of gaining a point—cast their fortunes along with Coburn; but, for the first time they found their equals in shrewdness, in strategy and in courage, in the partisans of McCoole, a strong western combination giving him their counsel and support. If the Eastern division had ever expected to "win with a crowd," they found themselves quickly undeceived when they saw the western element in its strength. It was evident that McCoole was "meant" to fight, providing no magisterial interference prevented a meeting. Coburn, too, asserted that nothing would satisfy him but a trial in the Ring. Despite these protestations, however, many "knowing ones," for two or three weeks before the day fixed for the fight, openly expressed themselves to the effect that there would be no fight, and backed up their opinion by a show of money. On what this opinion was predicated we have not been able to learn, but the result shows that the "knowing ones" were right for once.

Since the abrupt termination to the anticipated meeting both parties have been loud in their denunciation of each other, and hundreds of rumors have been put in circulation. A number of Coburn's partisans seek to lay the blame upon McCoole's friends, but the great bulk of the people attribute the failure to Coburn and his party, many going so far as to assert that Coburn, not being in condition to meet such a formidable opponent as McCoole, induced Messrs. Woods and Quinton to have McCoole arrested, and, as that didn't work satisfactorily, he had to be taken himself. Of course, these rumors must be received with all due caution, and, unless they can be legally proven, amount to nothing. Messrs. Wood and Quinton may have something to say upon this subject.

McCoole, it appears, was arrested early on the morning of the day set for the fight; he, however, quickly furnished bonds to answer on the following morning, and then, with commendable alacrity, hastened to the spot whereon the ring was pitched, which he reached and entered in good season, thus evincing a decided inclination to confront his adversary. Coburn managed to keep the officers at bay until he had arrived in close proximity to the Ring, where he was arrested, as stated, and hurried off to Lawrenceburg, thus preventing his return to the Ring in season had he been desirous of getting there. The arrest of the men, and their subsequent imprisonment, prevented them from coming to terms as to a future meeting, and, therefore, all bets on the fight are "off," for the rule says:—

"That in the event of magisterial interference the referee shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting; if possible on the same day, or as soon after as may be," etc. "That should the fight not be decided on the day, all bets shall be drawn, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the bets shall stand, and be decided by the event. The battle money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon."

The match, therefore, remains in abeyance, and although it is said that McCoole claimed the stakes in the ring, we have heard of nothing direct from either party. Unless either can prove, beyond cavil, that his opponent was instrumental in his own or his adversary's arrest, for the purpose of preventing a meeting, neither man has any ground upon which he can make claim for the stakes; and unless there is a mutual agreement neither can draw his money. Unless some mutual arrangement can be made to draw the stakes, we would suggest that a meeting of the principals and their backers be held here as soon as McCoole and Coburn are released, and thereby come to a determination as to future proceedings. A party—whether by authority or not, we cannot state—called upon us a day or two ago, and stated that "Coburn was willing to leave the stakes remain, increase the amount $1,000 to $5,000 a side, and fight upon neutral ground, Canada or elsewhere." There is sufficient money at stake already. If a meeting cannot be brought about for ten thousand dollars, there is less probability of the match being brought to a satisfactory conclusion when the stakes are greater. If Coburn means fighting, the stakes in hand are all sufficient to reward him should he prove a winner.

THE POLITICAL PRIZE RING.

The big fight for the President's belt and $25,000 a year has not fairly opened yet. It seems to be generally conceded that Tennessee Andy, the present champion, will retire next March. The effort to oust him on the ground of having violated the amended rules was, as our readers know, unsuccessful, the referees deciding against the claim of Bully Wade, the Ohio Infant. But Andy didn't get the belt by an out-and-out fight; and it is now extremely doubtful whether he could obtain any backers even if he desired to shy his castor again. He will probably open a hostelrie at Greenville, after leaving Washington. "Superior old rye constantly on hand."

A meeting of one party to the coming "mill" was recently held at Crosby's crib, Chicago. The boys were in excellent humor and offered to go any amount on 'Lysses Grant the Appomattox Slasher. 'Lysses has already defeated Brax Bragg, Jack Pemberton and Bob Lee, the retired champion of the C. S. Grant is a trim looking little fighter, and has been for some months in training under charge of that veteran M. C., Washburn, of the Congressional tap-room. Some little difficulty was experienced in selecting a bottle-holder for Grant. Rube Fenton, the Albany boxer, wanted the posish; so did Hank Wilson, the Boston chicken, and Ben Wade. Billy Sprague, who owns a mill (not a gin mill) at Providence, was urged by a few Rhode Island boys, but declined to accept. Andy Carlin, of Pennsylvania, was wanted by the Philadelphia crowd; but after all, Sky Colfax, the Indiana pet, was chosen. Sky is an able boy. He now presides at a "free and easy" at Washington. On learning that their backers were all ready, Grant and Colfax immediately went into training.

The other crowd, having accepted the Chicago challenge in the behalf of an "unknown," have not yet shown their hand, and speculation is rife as to the hidden fighter's identity. Some assert that it is Geordie Pendleton, the Cincinnati cove, who squired McClellan in his disastrous set-to four years ago. Pendy is a tolerably good chap, but he is said to hold to some notions that "don't wash," about paying the stake money in paper. Others assert that the coming man is Rashe Seymour. Horatio dispersed the riots here in 1863, and thereby saved Greeley's white coat; but Horace declines to back him. Seymour himself says that he has retired from the ring and that he will not fight under any consideration. This may be only a "blind," however, as reports represent him to be in tip-top condition. Scotty Hancock, the Pennsylvania rooster, is thought by many to be the unknown. He is a plucky fellow, and shows great anxiety to tackle some one if he can find good backers. Andy Johnson first suggested Scotty, and seems anxious to get on a "mill" for him with some one. Scotty had several tussels in Virginia, but he has never fought against Grant. He was Phil. Sheridan's successor, as bar-keeper, at the New Orlean's House. All these surmises as to the identity of the unknown are simply guesses, and nothing more. Gus. Belmont, Hank Murphy, and the others who have the matter in charge, hold their jaw on the subject. The final deposits are to be put up on the Fourth of July, in this city, and we shall then know who's who.

The newspapers throughout the country exhibit deep interest in the coming "mill." Although it does not take place until the 3d of November, the journalists already indulge in chin music in regard to the event. In this city the unknown is decidedly the favorite, but we are not aware that any heavy wagers have yet been laid. We have a proposition to make:—If the party which meets here in July will name the Hon. John Morrissey as their man, and will adopt the amended rules of the London P. R. as their platform, we will give to them our hearty support. The Hon. John is a game gladiator, and would doubtless make things hot for 'Lysses Grant or any other man. We pause for a reply.

RAILROADS AND THEIR MANAGERS.

While the patience of the non-traveling public, given to a perusal of news journals, is most persistently tried by the almost endless reports of the legal forays systematically entered into between the managing directors of our more prominent railroad corporations, those of our species condemned to intrust their limbs and ease to the tender mercies of their subordinates on the road, have daily reason to conjoin in a common outcry at the shameless manner in which the persons and property of passengers are habitually treated by men we were vain enough to suppose to be servants of a company, created at the popular will and for the popular comfort and good. The public at large may possess but little interest in the judicial contests of the railway millionaires, wherein the speculative stockholder plays a shuttlecock between "bull" and "bear," but in its scathing mismanagement of railroads, in their perilous condition, and above all in the inctivity and brutishness of the paid employees, every citizen feels a personal interest and entertains a grievance of which he has a right to complain and demand a remedy.

Almost at the moment of attempting to commence his journey, the traveler by rail finds cause of annoyance in the surly boorishness of the first official to whom he is compelled to apply for information to aid him in seeking a desired train. If he seeks out the supervising dignitaries he is rebuked for trespassing upon prerogative by a display of consequential authority worthy of an arch ducal chamberlain. Should he approach a subaltern of the local magnate, ten chances to one that worthy either turns upon his heel or the response is given in so offensive a manner as to cause regret for having ventured upon such absurdity as the supposition that common politeness enters in the composition of a railway operative. Consequently, the wayfarer, especially if he be a stranger unused to travel, is left without aid or assistance to grope his way to the cars as best he can. When once the train is started, even the few preliminary guides, sparsely afforded, are withdrawn, and the traveler is committed to his destiny in blissful ignorance as to the road along which it will whirl him. Should he be compelled to change cars, his bewilderment augments, so he trusts to instinct and clambers into some carriage, which lands him oftentimes many miles away from his intended destination.

To a man traveling alone and with a carpet bag, these annoyances are sufficiently irksome; but when the tourist is a family man, with baggage to match the requirements of female locomotion, they become vexatious in the extreme. Beside, if animated humanity is destined to such cavalier treatment, how much more summary is that dealt out to inanimate chattels, especially when railroad companies eschew the liability of common carriers? Trunks are tossed hither and thither, crowded remorselessly on top of band boxes, the more fragile the material being that generally preferred for the understrata, for of all "baggage smashers," technical or practical, he of the railway train is the most thorough and artistic. Should a remonstrance in the shape of a suggestion be tendered against careless handling of valuable commodities, a smile of derision curls upon the lip of the implacable baggage master, which in no way harmonizes with the printed declaration "not accountable for passengers' baggage."

The fact is that railway officials entirely misconstrue their relative position with the traveling public, who, in ignorance of their palpable rights, allow themselves to be imposed upon in fullness of impunity. The railway millionaires are but creatures of legislative action, whose tenure of office depends wholly upon their compliance with the necessities of their corporate creation. If the conduct of the management be such as to render travel unpopular, and consequently unprofitable, their removal by the directors of the company employing them is an act of justice, not to the public alone, but to the stockholders, whose pockets suffer unnecessarily from the inefficiency of the direction. Every stockholder should know that the cost of a well regulated road is no greater than the expenses upon one badly governed and consequently in ill favor with the traveling public. The advantage of a popular road shows itself, within a very short space of time, by the increased line of resident population along its route, and hence a steady augmentation of travel can be diverted in that direction, which would unconsciously flow along other channels of communication. This statistical consideration alone, in a pecuniary light, shows how completely the interests of the stockholders, in the matter of railway reformation, are identified with the comfort and safety of the traveling public. If the company, recreant to their trusts, persist in turning a deaf ear to popular complaint, a few appeals to courts of law will convince them—through the verdict of jurors, drawn from and in sympathy with the people—how impossible it will prove to resist radical improvement, when enunciated in a proper and legal form and sustained by the judicial authority of the the source whence corporations derive a limited existence.

There is, however, a much more summary method of remedying one or two of the minor grievances of our present railway mismanagement which, unfortunately, can only be of a personal application. When a traveler, smarting under a discourteous response, let him momentarily discard the manner of a gentleman and bring himself to the level of the clown, who, shielded by the implied cover of his position, dares to outrage decency by insulting him. We are well aware that brawling and clamor should be avoided in public offices and vehicles, but then, again, under extenuating circumstances, even misbehavior, in contradiction to undue decorum, is justifiable, and in an instance of the nature alluded to, it is absolutely necessary. The manners of a man, either polite or uncouth, are judged by his intention, and we are certain that when a railroad employee, whose duty involves courtesy and politeness, puts on the airs of a braggart and bully, any passenger, by him offended, has a moral and legal privilege of rebuffing him in a similar manner. There is a certain point at which patience ceases to be a virtue, and that point once reached, provocation should meet its own reward. Assuredly, the patience of the public has been thoroughly exhausted in the constant imposition received at the hands of "gentlemanly" conductors, baggage masters, and the entire battalion of railroad officials. We have tried meekness and forbearance, and found those virtues of little avail. Let us now try the the experiment of settling the case on the homœpathic principle of "like curing like," and we will warrant a few doses will work out a healthy change.

THE NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY MEN.

A young lady, who reads the CLIPPER and signs herself Dora Matilda, asks us to rebuke the young men for certain objectionable practices to which they addict themselves when dancing attendance upon favored fair ones. She says she went the other evening to the theatre to hear Ristori, anticipating a very pleasant time, because Charles Augustus is really a very agreeable fellow, and, being undeniably handsome, helped to draw attention to her elegant dress, to say nothing of other attractions, which—*electra, electra*. He made an excuse to purchase a book of the play, and went out before the overture was concluded. He brought the libretto all right, but when he came back his breath smelt strongly of cloves. She is confident he went out on one pretence or another at least fifteen times during the evening, leaving her sitting alone and feeling as uncomfortable as a fish out of water. He dropped the play bill into the parquet (accidental, of course), and went out to get another. Was absent just ten minutes. On his return, noticed that his face was flushed and eyes (he has beautiful eyes!) sparkled strangely.—End of act I. Charles Augustus attracted to the sidewalk by the ringing of fire bells. Came back in the midst of scene I, act 2, with a piece of champagne cork in his whiskers. Intermission. Charles went out again to consult usher about getting a better seat. On his return noticed his color was heightened; beard sprinkled with crumbs of cracker; breath smelt of juniper—she was sure it was juniper! Act III.—Went out in a hurry to see a gentleman afar off, to whom he had touched his hat, and made sixteen people get up to let him pass. Was gone nearly an entire act. Returned, making great clatter in the midst of the most interesting scene. Dropped his hat. Sixteen people looked highly annoyed. More juniper! Obliged to use smelling bottle. "By Jove, there's Harry Tomkins—must have a word with him—important." Charles Augustus struggled through crowd and exit. Gone twenty minutes. Returned, smelling of stale cigar smoke. Voice husky, nose red at the tip. Spoke loud enough to attract the attention of the sixteen people. Said he had been talking politics, and had forgot himself. Gave her a paper of candy. Another intermission. Charles actually hiccoughed as he took his seat, smelling of absinth. Applauded everything extravagantly. Act 4.—Had lost a glove and must go out to look for it. Act 5.—Must go for a bouquet. Brought it back drooping and rumpled. Found the heat oppressive; must seek the lobby for air. Each time fair friend observed that his color was brighter; nose and face red all over; smelt of gin. A pint of peanuts and an orange fell from his hat on removing it. Also cigars. Scene last—Came back decidedly obfuscated and smelling of gin more horribly than ever. Cravat tied in a knot under left ear, as if he had been going to be hung. Tumbled over the sixteen indignant people into lap of strange lady. Squirted a stream of tobacco juice over my new satin skirt. Remarked, "Reg'lar stunner, 'storn—capperel piece—hic—li'l too tejus—orter cur-cur-tail it—hey? *Don't* she sling it out though! Pitch in, ole acrobat! Who-o-oo!" Violent applause. Usher obliged to interfere. Charles Augustus incensed. Threw his bouquet at the pate of a very bald gentleman sitting in parquet. Yawned and said, running his words together,—"Dorn'ydearlessgerrourtherhiscoop's-soonerpossihible—mafasleep'nitsquarrertwelvallrerry." Remained to the end, notwithstanding. On going out noticed that his coat had been torn up the back, and his hat had a dent in it. Of course, it is all over between Dora and Charles Augustus.

MR. C. W. WOOLLEY,, who has been brought before the House of Representatives by Gen. Butler, refuses to testify, and the House for his contempt have confined him in the Capitol, which is made to answer for a prison. Mr. Woolley may think this proceeding no joke, but we humbly suggest that the House only intends to get up a Capitol cell for him!

PRETTY IDEA.—They have, or rather had, a class of "sweet girl graduates" in St. Joseph's Academy, Williamsburgh, who concluded their annual May Festival on Thursday evening, the programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music and a dramatic performance. Can't they get up a "sour grl's class" to match it?

THE WOMEN'S TICKET.—Three cheers for Mrs. Stanton! Thanks to her restless disposition, which obliges her to keep herself constantly before the public, we have at last discovered the object of the Women's League. Men of action, men of pluck and sinew, Romans, countrymen and lovers, be up and stirring! A new danger threatens the foundations of the temple you have erected to liberty. Scarcely has the ship of State escaped Scylla than she bumps against Charybdis. The conspiracy we allude to (for it is a conspiracy) takes the form of a thorough reconstruction of the government, a revolution in favor of the women, who will proceed to dethrone old Andy, turn out the members of the present Congress as Oliver Cromwell turned out the Rump, and elect Elizabeth Cady Stanton as President, Ernestine L. Rose as Vice, Miss Dinah Johnson as Secretary of War, Mrs. Stowe as Secretary of the Navy, and other well known ladies as members of the Cabinet and Congress. We presume that several new offices will be created—such as Secretary of the Wardrobe, Minister of Tattle and Gossip, etc., etc. There is great danger that this scheme for the destruction of the Rights of Man might prove successful, but that another class of informers, going still further, intend to carry the "universal brotherhood and sisterhood" idea to the utmost possible extent. If they succeed, the officials of the nation and of the States, as well as the local authorities, will hereafter be selected, without favor, from persons of all colors, creeds, races and sexes. The lion and the lamb will then lie down together, the Ethiop will sit down to his regular hash, side by side with his white "brudder," and the proud Caucasian, the chivalrous Celt, the fiery Gaul, the Negro, the Chinaman, the Digger Indian, the Esquimaux and the Hottentot, will take an equal part in the formation of the laws. After that the Millenium!

OLD FOGYISM.—Some of the papers connected with the Associated Press are complaining of the racing news sent here per Atlantic cable, stigmatizing such items just as uninteresting to Americans as the price of Feejee Island war clubs. Our contemporaries should bear in mind that newspapers of the present day are read by thousands of Englishmen, who all, as well as many American readers, take a deep interest in horse racing and turf matters generally. In fact, the many sporting events transpiring in all parts of the world possess a greater interest for the masses than the long winded political dissertations with which the heavy dailies are now loaded.

SAFE.—Judge Wilson, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, must be a great friend to the pugs, for, fearful of another deluge of which the heavy rains give presage, he has induced McCoole and Coburn to enter the ark, at Lawrenceburg, for forty days, and thus keep clear of a "heavy wet."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Although the laws of Indiana are such as to easily sever the bonds of the marriage ring, yet they bind in a closer embrace all who desire to enter the precincts of the Prize Ring.

THE END.—Like ourselves, McCoole and Coburn have just come out of a "Cold Spring," and, like the thousands who spent their money to see the "big fight," are now enjoying the pleasures of a "Dear Burn."

STINGING NEWS!—Owing to the heavy rains of the present season it is thought that the coming crop of mosquitoes will be unusually large.

THE GREATEST BORE of the age is oil seeking, and the greatest affliction, corn on the ear.

"THEY SAY" that Ben Wade has lost his balance since the acquittal of the President.

Sporting Squibs.

— The annual exhibition of horses by the Chester County Agricultural Society, is to be held in West Chester, Pa., on June 6th.

— Sir Joseph Hawley, through the aid of his Blue Gown, has received the Blue Ribbon of the Turf.

— Dogs that go unmuzzled are new to be put under a strict water-cure treatment.

— The yacht Sappho was put up at auction on the 23th ult., but the yachtmen were too slow with their bids, and she was bought in for $29,000.

— A jockey club has been organized at San Antonio, Texas.

— Until the spring just ended no wild geese have been shot in Enfield, Conn., for 25 years. In fact, Enfield has heretofore been riled, and now she bids fair to be riddled.

— A week or two since Mr. Allen caught on his float at Havre de Grace, Md., three large rock fish, weighing about 65lbs. each. Allen is all in luck this season.

— A new yacht of great speed is to be built at Havre for the Emperor Napoleon.

— Equestrianism, both on saddle and on wheels, is flourishing ow in Central Park. Let's all take a ride.

— The Falls of Niagara are about to be navigated in an India rubber machine, in which the crazy adventurer is to be hermetically sealed. What a fall in the big water-fall there will be, our countrymen.

— An entertainment, consisting of games, &c., is to be given at Jones' Woods, on the 8th of June, in aid of the free school connected with the Church of the Immaculate Conception

— The Central Park summer Saturday afternoon concerts commence on June 6th. The music will be by Dodworth's Band.

—Work has been commenced on the new skating rink at Rochester. It is proposed to have it completed by the 4th of July, so as to have a grand opening upon that day.

— There are 189 lecturers on Spiritualism in this country who get their living thereby. Very many more lose their lives by their familiarity with spirits.

— Two round Onions came to grief the other day while attempting to climb a lightning rod into a young ladies' seminary.

— A beautiful wing-footed mollusk, a marine animal of the Arctic seas, has been discovered in Portland harbor in large numbers, supposed to have been drawn thither by the excessive cold of the past winter, as they have never before been so far southward.

— A family in East Boston, Mass., have a tame rat, which comes out when called, makes its appearance regularly for food, and stands up on its hind legs when it wants water.

— Paris papers inform us that a frisky old Florentine has just made a journey to that city, at the age of 117. Isn't this rather an *old* story?

— Raw snails are among the delicacies of the season at Paris. They are said to be luscious.

— An Englishman, with two wooden legs, offers to walk a quarter of a mile in three minutes.

— A fishwoman of Honfleur, France, aged 40 years, was recently confined of her nineteenth child. This is considered a large yield.

— At the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., Mr. Seth Green is hybridising fish; he has mixed shad with bass and thus far the experiment has proved successful.

— They put unmuzzled dogs out of the way in Detroit by giving them poisoned sausage and other meats. This is a sort of dog eat dog proceeding.

—The steam yacht Minnie, recently launched at Philadelphia, made an excursion trip down the Delaware river on the 29th of May.

— Wm. Close has been offered $8,000 for his stallion, Allen C. Patchen, but he considers it too close a bargain.

— The late Col. Hazard, the great powder manufacturer, leaves an estate of $2,000,000. Thus we see another instance of the Hazard of the die.

— A student in the St. Johnsbury Academy, John Bedford by name, while running in a game of base ball a few days ago, turned his foot, and hitting his left leg with his right foot, broke both bones of his left leg. His right leg is the only good one left.

— The Grand Prize of Paris, in the French Derby Race, run on April 25th, was won by the colt Souzerain.

The English Derby Race, run on April 27th, was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's colt Blue Gown.

— The Oaks Race, run on April 29th, so says the telegraph, was won by Formosa, in 2:40.

— Bill Cleaver, of the Half Way House, and the venerable Pop Tuckley, contemplate a pleasure tour to England shortly.

Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, a prominent turfite, and his family, left for Europe on the 30th ult.

— The British taxpayer now grumbles because it costs $10,000 to test a new gun.

— The well known schooner yacht Widgeon is for sale; also the yacht Evelyn, which won the prize of the New York Yacht Club Regatta in June last.

— M. Courjon has just presented two tigers to the Emperor of the French, and had an audience of his Majesty.

— The New York Cricket Club commenced the season on the 29th ult., on account of too much moisture, have another "alpha" this week.

THE FORCE OF DISCIPLINE.—A gentleman and his wife, whose daughter sailed for Europe on the 27th ult. in the steamer Russia, lingered a moment too long over the parting on board the vessel, and when they approached the gangway plank to go ashore met a sturdy son of Neptune hauling it in. "Stop, my good fellow," quoth the gentleman, "and let us get on shore before you draw in the plank." "Very sorry, sir," growled the "salt" in his beard, "but my orders is to haul in this here plank at once, an' I've got to do it," and suiting the action to the word, he severed the connection between vessel and pier completely. The mother and father were therefore treated to an unexpected sail down the bay, in the course of which they had at least the consolation of seeing their daughter in the hands, last, lingering adieu" to their daughter, as well as the opportunity of reflecting upon the beauty of maritime discipline. They were finally returned to land in the mail-boat, after a pleasant hour or so of an involuntary journey towards Europe. "All's well that ends well."

SKITTLE MATCH FOR $25 AND A SPREAD.—The second match at skittles, 7 chalks, run up game, for $25 and a leg of mutton supper, between Jem Franks, the Yorkshire jockey, and Tom King, of the Brewery Shades, took place last Friday evening, at the Excelsior Court, West Forty-first street. A large crowd of the admirers of this fine old game was present. At the commencement, King seemed to be the favorite, odds being offered freely on him, but the jockey put in a couple of "floorers" in succession, which made the betting even; after several "ties," and some very good play by both men, the chalks stood 6 each; the jockey lead off, knocking down 8 pins; King then took deliberate aim, and made a floorer, winning the game. The same evening, two novices, Jem Curry and Boball, played a game for $5, 5 chalks up, which was won by Curry, the score standing:—Curry, 5; Boball, 3.

REJOINDER TO BROWN.—In answer to the challenge published in a late issue by Jack Brown, of Louisville, Ky., Thos. Berrigan states that if he, Brown, will consent to fight in any of the New England States he will match a 28th dog and allow him $100 for expenses, providing he makes the match for $1,000. If Jack is agree

tion and discharge from custody upon promising not to fight within the limits of the commonwealth. It will give them an idea of what they might have expected had the battle been brought off and the arrest made subsequently.

This intelligence created the utmost excitement among the friends of the men in Cincinnati, and a proposition was made to rescue them from durance, but luckily wiser counsels prevailed and no such foolhardy attempt was made. McCoole was announced to take a benefit at the Palace Varieties on Thursday evening, but the issue of the trial knocked his calculations in this respect in the head.

REMARK.

It is customary to conclude the report of any important event with a few remarks, giving a retrospective view of the same, and our opinion thereupon, but as the match resulted in so unsatisfactory a manner, under the circumstances we do not think comment is necessary, further than that contained in the article upon the subject in our editorial columns, to which we refer the reader.

CARD FROM COBURN'S BACKERS AND REPRESENTATIVE.

BARNEY HOUSE, CINCINNATI, May 33, 1868.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR:—The result of the late meeting between Coburn and McCoole being the arrest of both parties and their incarceration in Lawrenceburg prison, much to the dissatisfaction of Joseph Coburn, who felt confident of being able to pull through successfully had they fought. I would here publicly state in Mr. Coburn's behalf that my desire is that the ten thousand dollars deposited with you, dependent on the issue of the battle which was to have taken place on the 27th inst., shall remain in your possession until both men are released, when I should like you, as final stakeholder, to appoint a day of meeting for both principals to meet and proceed to a place where the fight can be gotten off without interference, as soon as possible, as Coburn does not wish the money to be withdrawn without a fight. So anxious is he to meet McCoole in the ring that he will add one, two, three or four thousand dollars to the money already staked and fight him in Canada. If McCoole is as anxious to fight as his friends say he is, he has now a chance of proving it to the public.

Yours, &c.,

H. MCDERMOTT.

REDEEMING THE TICKETS.—On Friday, 29th inst., John Franklin, who had charge of the two excursion trains which left Cincinnati for the fight, announced that all who presented their tickets at Pfaff, Tieman's billiard saloon would have their money refunded, after a certain percentage had been deducted to liquidate expenses. We understand that the greater portion of the amount received was returned at an average of $3.50 each.

BRIEF OFF-HAND ENCOUNTER

BETWEEN

Patsy Sheppard and Mike Coburn for a Purse.

SIX ROUNDS AND A DRAW.

The ring for the fight which didn't take place between Coburn and McCoole was completed at about one o'clock, P. M., on the 27th ult., and the ring-keepers having great difficulty in keeping the crowd back, it was determined to get up a scrub fight to amuse them. Patsy Sheppard and Mickey Coburn having expressed themselves willing to contend for a purse. Accordingly the bat was passed around, about two hundred dollars raised by some prominent sports, and at half-past one the inner ring was cleared and the lads proceeded to doff their shirts. At this moment the crowd rushed to the inner ring, breaking down the outer one, and crowding back the unfortunate reporters, so that few saw the fight at all, and most of the others very imperfectly. The spectators surged up against the inside ropes, and pressed so hard that it was apparent the ring must soon be broken, so the men got promptly to work. John Franklin was first called upon for the referee, but this duty not suiting him, Tom Murphy was chosen. Bill Clark umpired Coburn and Ed Kinney stood for Sheppard. The ring keepers made desperate efforts to get the inside spectators seated, so as to allow the outsiders a chance to see, but this was found impossible. Patsy was waited upon by Abe Hicken and Johnny Mackey, while Jimmy Elliott and Dick Holliwood did the polite for Mike. Neither man was in ring costume, it being altogether an impromptu affair, and there was no convenience for the seconds, so that they could only revive their pets by fanning.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men came up nimbly at the call of time, Patsy wearing the confident look of one who had "been there" before, while there was a sort of nervousness about Micky, always observable in the *debutante*. In size they were a good match, Coburn standing very slightly over Patsy, who is 5ft. 8½in. in height, both weighing about the same, 130lbs., and both were of course too fleshy, though Sheppard seemed a little the more solid. There was some pretty sparring for an opening, the boys treading rather gingerly, as the ground was very slippery, and they had no spikes. Mike finally opened with his left on Patsy's ribs, getting an instant return in the shape of a facer, when they clinched, slipped about, and came softly to mother earth, Patsy undermost.

2. Little time was lost in sparring, quick exchanges ensuing, rather in Sheppard's favor. Mike visited Patsy's ribs and cheek, but in return got a straight 'un on the conk, drawing the cork. *First blood* for Sheppard—a clinch, and this time Coburn was under.

3. Short and sweet. After a few exchanges, Mike on the forehead and Patsy on the ribs, and several sharp counters, Patsy getting in a heavy one on the ribs, Mike slipped and fell.

4. Mike was quick to respond and looked perfectly at home. He did effective point being Patsy's left on the ribs, which he visited several times. Sheppard returned even change, and there was nothing to choose. It was good fighting, but the crowd was so boisterous that it was impossible to follow it in detail. At the close both came to mother earth together.

Coburn on the retreat and Patsy, bent on the fighting, let drive with the left, catching Mike with a stinger on the left eye, but napping as good as he gave on the cheek, which raised a slight lump. Mike then let go both mawleys, again visiting his cheeks, though not very heavily, Patsy countering lightly. There was a short struggle at the close, and Patsy was thrown.

6th and last.—Both looking very cheerful, and alive to business. Mike speedily sent his left, as usual, to the ribs, receiving a counter on the jaw—a smasher. At this moment Jim Coburn jumped into the ring, exclaiming "What! my brother fighting a big fellow like that!" and the pressure of the crowd became so great that those next the ropes broke through, forced in by those outside, in spite of the clubs of the ring-keepers Several men were badly hurt, Mike Donovan, a brother of Jerry's, being struck in the face several times. The confusion was very great, and it seemed for a moment as though the fight would be general. Finding it impossible to continue the battle, the referee decided it a draw, and each received half the amount fought for. It was a good fight so far as it went. Sheppard is an active, true fellow, a good sparrer and quick, hard hitter, and his performance showed him to be all that has been claimed for him, and an ugly customer for any one near his weight to meet in the ring. Mike Coburn did well for a first appearance. He is shrewd, well schooled and quick, but in other respects is no match for Sheppard. The crowd was disappointed, and though many ascribe the unsatisfactory termination to their own unruly conduct, it is thought that, had the friends of Coburn wished to have the battle go on, it would have been fought to a close, for the partizans of the other were very sanguine of victory, and Patsy felt deeply chagrined at the result. The men were scarcely marked, a slight cut over one of Mike's eyes, and the bruising of the skin on Patsy's cheek bone being all that was visible. It did not last over twenty minutes. Jimmy Elliott behaved unruly as one of the ring-keepers, swinging his club about and using it promiscuously when there was not the least provocation therefor.

CHEER'S VERSION OF THE AFFAIR.—The paragraph which appeared in our columns last week concerning the conduct of Cheer in his late fight with O'Brien, at Saugus, Mass., has called forth the appended rejoinder from the former. We received our information from what we consider very good authority, the party being entirely disinterested, but as the CLIPPER always strives to be just, we cheerfully give place to Cheer's denial. Read it:—

NEW YORK, May 29, 1868.

EDITOR CLIPPER:—In your last issue appears an article under the caption "Returned the Stakes," the contents of which I most emphatically declare never had occasion to write, nor have I ever written me once on the subject of fouling until the moment of his giving in against me—when I had my man beat—that being the only method of saving his friends' money by making a draw of the fight. From the first I had no chance to get back on him and could not have done so had the battle money had it not been for the commanding lead which I took from the commencement of the fight. During its progress they knocked and buffetted me about the ring, at the same time using the most offensive epithets towards me. By inserting this, one act of simple justice to myself, you will much oblige,

Yours, respectfully,

GEORGE CHEER.

HARRY HILL'S PIC-NIC.—Now that the excursion season has arrived, everybody is bent upon obtaining a few hours respite from the stern duties of life, and indulging in a "romp in the shady grove and a dance on the village green," and if June pines, pic-nics, and pleasure jaunts to the green fields, are once more becoming of daily occurrence. The readers of this column, who are on the look out for an opportunity to spend the day pleasantly, are notified that the Harry Hill Social Club hold their annual pic-nic at Elm Park, Staten Island, on Monday, June 8th, and all who attend may rest assured that they will enjoy themselves hugely, as, in addition to the dancing and feasting, there'll be a Punch and Judy show by Prof. Marley, the ventriloquist of the "Exchange," singing, both comic and sentimental, etc. Proper arrangements will be made to preserve order and ensure the comfort of those attending, and merry making will be tempered with reason. For particulars as to the departure of boats, etc., see advertisement in our amusement columns.

BOXING NIGHT DOWN EAST.—A joint sparring exhibition was given in Bangor, Me., recently, by George Seddons, Sol Aaron and Marcellus Baker, which drew together a pretty strong muster of the fraternity who dwell in that blue law section. Among those who set-to were Young Belcher, of Bangor, and Bill Frank, of the Bull ring, Cheek Aparand Sol Aaron, Baker and Sol again, and Seddons and Baker. The last was very warm, George handling "Marcy" rather roughly, we understand, hitting him seven times on the most prominent feature of his facial region without a return; this riled Baker, who commenced to chaff George, but the latter stopped that little game by offering to fight him for from $100 to $1,000, which the latter didn't feel disposed to do.

JIMMY JOHNSON'S EXHIBITION.—The sparring testimonial tendered this young fellow, better known as "Scotty," in Philadelphia, last week, proved very successful, and netted the *beneficiaire* a snug sum, which didn't come amiss. The wind-up between Jimmy and Jack Day was a very clever display and gained for them considerable applause. John Grindell, the old time ten mile pedestrian, officiated as master of ceremonies.

BRITISH BREVITIES.—Ted. Napper, the British light-weight, who it has been stated by several unreliable dailies and weeklies was on his way to this country to try his fortunes in the ring with some of our eligible boxers, does not appear to have any idea of leaving the old dart yet. In the latest issue of *Bell's Life* at hand he publishes a challenge to fight any man at 9st. 4lb. or 9st. 6lb. for £100 or £200 a side.....Peter Morris offers to do battle with any body at 7st. 10lb. or 8st. for from £50 up to £200 a side, and Arthur Chambers, in the same issue, challenges him at 8st. 4lb. for £25 or £50 a side.....A benefit was to be tendered the wife of Bill Ryall at the Aston Cross Grounds, Eng., on May 11th, to enable her and the children to join her husband, who is now residing in St. Louis, Mo.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—At last advices £60 a side had been posted in the match between Harry Allen, of Manchester, and Joe Goss, of Wolverhampton, Eng., for the champion's belt and £200, to take place on Sept. 1. Allen was shortly to take a provincial tour through the Birmingham district and return to Manchester prior to going into strict training.

THE CARROLL-WHITE FIASCO—LETTER FROM THE FORMER.—Concerning the recent fizzle in Delaware between Billy White and Bill Carroll, we have received the following communication from the latter, to which we call attention:—

BALTIMORE, May 29th, 1868.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—SIR: For fear of a misunderstanding in relation to my match with White, I take this method of explaining matters. We left this city on the morning of the 23d inst., and proceeded to Elkton, Md. I arrived there with but three friends, while White had several. My seconds had been left behind in the early train, and consequently could not be in time for the contemplated fight. We walked four and a half miles through Maryland into Delaware, and about one hundred and twenty yards from the Maryland line the ring was pitched. In consequence of my seconds being left behind, I had no shoes, drawers or anything pertaining to the ring; notwithstanding this I offered to fight White any way, or under any conditions he named, but to no avail, and the only reason he had was, that he had no seconds, while I was in the same predicament. Hoping you will do me the favor of publishing this in your next edition, I am, yours, resp'y.

WILLIAM CARROLL.

SHOOTING OF DENNIS O'BRIEN.—This St. Louis sporting man and backer of Mike McCoole in the match with Coburn, was shot and, is feared, fatally wounded, in the Grotto saloon, corner of Market and Fifth streets, in the Mound City, last week. It appears that he was sitting in the saloon, playing cards, when John O'Brien—between whom and the wounded man a grudge had existed for a long time, and the former is alleged to have threatened to kill him upon their first meeting—and a companion entered, and the first named immediately walked up to where they were seated, drew a six-shooter, and, without a moment's warning, discharged its contents at Dennis, the ball entering the left breast in the region of the heart, almost in the same spot where he was shot a few months ago, in Chicago. The wounded man was at once placed in a hack and conveyed to his home, where, at last accounts, he lay in a very precarious condition and very little hope was entertained of his recovery. O'Brien was arrested by officers Kelly and Hogan, late at night, and locked up for examination.

MCCOTTER AND BLACKEY'S MATCH.—All goes on *en regle* in the match between Johnny Blackey, of this city, and Hank McCotter, of Albany, which is to be decided on the 24 day of July. The third deposit of $100 a side was forthcoming all in good season on Monday, 1st inst., making the amount now in the hands of the stakeholder, six hundred dollars, which must be increased two hundred a side on the 15th inst. McCotter is doing good work at the Union House, between Troy and Albany, but Riley remaining with him, and Blackey is taking proper care of himself, Jack Goulding will probably join him next week, on Long Island.

COBURN'S EXHIBITION IN CINCINNATI.

On Saturday evening, 23d inst., Joe Coburn gave a sparring entertainment at the National Theatre, Cincinnati. The house was well filled—almost uncomfortably crowded; and as the admission cards were fixed at $1 and $1.50, it is fair to presume that Joe did not suffer financially. There was a somewhat lengthy performance by the company of the theatre, consisting of the farces of "Sarah's Young Man," and "Brian O'Linn." This the audience took good humoredly, though they were a little restive and impatient. About half-past nine the curtain was uprolled for the sparring. The first set-to was between Con Riordon, of St. Louis, who will be remembered as an opponent of Patsy Sheppard, and Tim Gleason, of Cincinnati. It was a give and take affair from the word go, both men receiving a liberal supply of gruel without wry faces. The audience was quite enthusiastic about Gleason, being a Buckeye, and he certainly stood up very creditably. In fact it was difficult to say which had the best of it. Mike Coburn and little Dick Hollwood were next brought forward, and gave an exhibition of wily skill that was in agreeable contrast to the first sparring. Both men were extremely cautious, and it was seldom that either got in a hit without a counter. Dick planted several neat ones on Mike's frontispiece, but he napped one or two hot'uns in return. The nonpareil labored under the disadvantage of less height and reach, but he managed to hold his own very cleverly, and created a good impression; for that matter so did Mike. Billy Clark, Barney Aaron and a number of others, had been announced to appear, but they did not connect until the Monday following. The next thing on the programme was the wind-up between Joe Coburn and James Brown, an amateur of Cincinnati, who was announced as a friend." Although the audience were prepared to find Joe no giant, it must be confessed that his appearance rather disappointed them. He looked extremely thin and light to cope with such a Hercules as McCoole. Joe, however, was all alive, and played with Brown rather good naturedly for a time. Brown was evidently no slouch, and though considerably smaller than the champion, he managed to get in an occasional one, and in the second round shot home a hot facer that rather riled Joe, for he replied with several decidedly warm plumpers. Brown, not relishing this sort of work, grappled Coburn, and the two came to the floor together, where they rolled over several times without releasing their grips, to the no small excitement of the spectators. Finally, Joe got up, about the time that Cusick was coming to separate them. It was easily to be seen that Brown was no approach to a match for Joe. It was thought that the latter used him too roughly under the circumstances. The wind-up was short, and extremely mild, consisting of only two or three light exchanges. Mr. B. deserves great credit for the clever manner in which he faced such an expert as Joe, and the extravagant rumors about his having the best of the set-to, they are all fudge; for it was apparent from the first that Coburn was but playing with him.

OFF-HAND ENCOUNTER IN TEXAS.—The sporting blades of Galveston, in the Lone Star State, were treated to a game encounter for three hundred dollars, between a brace of aspirants for pugilistic fame named George Davidson and McGee—the former having removed to Texas from Jersey City and the latter from the metropolis—on the 18th of May, the exact *locale* of the mill being the Gulf Verandah, a sporting house, situated about three miles from the city, and presided over by Mike Bearne, who once had his habitation and home in the City of Churches. Davidson is about twenty-six years of age, weighs about 137lbs, and stands 5ft. 6¼in. in height, while McGee is in the neighborhood of thirty-three years old, stands 5ft. 6in. in height, and pulls down the scale at 147lbs. Neither man had any training for the event, and each was far too fleshy, but of the twain McGee looked the most muscular and fit. Tom Seymour was chosen referee. Davidson was looked after by Ned Price and Tom Cleary, and McGee had the services of Gallop to second a friend. For the first dozen rounds or so Davidson had the best of the milling, but his hands now commenced to give out rapidly, his blows became ineffective, and Mac taking a commanding lead and punishing his adversary severely about the face, finally sent Davidson to grass, limp as a rag, in the twenty-eighth round, when the fight had occupied exactly one hour and ten minutes. The defeated man wished to continue the struggle, but his seconds seeing that he had no show to win at all, humanely elevated the signal of distress. Excepting a few marks about the neck and body the victor escaped in almost as good condition as he was upon entering the ring. Davidson appeared once previously within the ropes, Jan. 8, 1866, when he was beaten by Jim Williams in 10 rounds, 30 minutes.

HUSSEY IN THE QUAKER CITY.—An exhibition for the benefit of Tim Hussey was given at Washington Hall, Spring Garden and Eighth street, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, 22d ult., and the house was pretty well filled by the fancy element. The affair embraced among others, Oyster Jack and Young Kelly, Barney Mullen and Young Gill, John Young and Bob Wade, and the wind-up between Hussey and Mike Gallen. Tim challenged McLean to fight him for $300 a side, but as Billy was not present it was not responded to, although it is expected that they will have another go ere long.

ABOUT PATSY SHEPPARD.—Thinking that the article in a recent issue concerning the falling through of the match between he and Barney Aaron placed him in an improper light before the public—which was certainly not our intention, and we certainly cannot perceive how it can reasonably be so construed—Patsy writes us to say that he trained seven weeks without receiving any remuneration, and that it was through no fault of his that he did not go into training again when Aaron commenced his second course.

A DRAW FIGHT.—A few days since Andy Hanley of the metropolis, and Mike Donnelley, of the City of Spires, having had a wordy altercation, agreed to settle it by an appeal to muscular force, applied in accordance with the recognized rules governing the Ring. Shortly past midnight on the 30th ult., the principals, accompanied by their seconds and a select body of friends, started to some eligible locality to bring the affair to a conclusion. The original intention was to pitch the ring in the neighborhood of Centreville, L. I., but the authorities having obtained an inkling of the same, made their unwelcome appearance, and it became necessary for the "hair to be cut" in other steps to Gotham. After a brief counsel of war it was decided to take the up-town ferries and proceed to a spot near Calvary Cemetery. They carried this resolution into effect immediately, a suitable locale being found without difficulty, and about the hour of three o'clock on the morning of the last day of May, the combatants stood up in the ropeless ring and commenced drumming on each other's anatomy. Donnelley decided lead from the start and punished his antagonist severely about the facial region, receiving scarcely a mark in return, for thirty-three minutes, during which fifteen rounds were contested, when the referee proclaimed it a draw.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—Another deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars a side in the match between Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards, was tabled on Monday, 1st inst., the former sending his on from Baltimore by a friend, and the white headed youth staking his in *propria persona*. Sam is at present engaged at the Holliday Street Theatre, in the Monumental City, and Billy is sojourning in the metropolis, though he talks of taking a jaunt westward ere long.

TOM ALLEN TO MCCOOLE.—In a letter before us, which is unaccompanied by a deposit, Tom Allen states that he is prepared to make a match with Mike McCoole for $1,000 in one month, or $2,500 in three months from signing articles, the battle ground to be fixed fifty miles distant from Detroit, Mich. Allen hopes that, as McCoole promised to fight him, win or lose with Coburn, he will not retire without keeping his word; and, if he wishes it, he is directed to call at William Carroll's saloon, St. Louis, Mo., where the match can be made.

☞We have letters for Ed. Russell and Butt Riley.

THE TURF.

The Hoboken Spring Meeting.

FIRST DAY'S RACING.

The Hoboken Spring Meeting commenced on Thursday, May 28th, over the course at Secaucus, N. J., after having been postponed from the previous Tuesday on account of the heavy state of the track consequent upon the heavy rains of the preceding week. The day was gloomy and threatening for rain, but fortunately it held off until after the racing was over. The dull, unpleasant weather, however, materially affected the attendance, which was far from numerous; besides which, the opening day conflicted with the great trot on the Fashion Course between Lady Thorn, Lucy, Wilkes, and Butler, spoken of in another column. The racing was excellent, for the two events ran for produced close and most exciting finishes. In both the favorites won with overwhelming efeats, to the consternation of their backers and the delight of the fielders, who rejoice in a victory of an outsider. Col. McDaniels' stable opened the season by winning the first event, and that by a youngster he only purchased at Mr. Watson's recent sale of his thoroughbred stock, and had not intended to bring out until the Jerome Park Meeting, but the filly he proposed starting having gone lame on the morning of the race, he was obliged to fall back upon his promising young daughter of Balrownie and Pasta, by Revenue, and, consequently, full sister to Bonnie Braes and Bonnie Doon. Mr. Dowling started Natalie, a bay filly, by Breckenridge, out of Sophia, by Bonnie Scotland, and, therefore, full sister to Morrissey. Mr. Sanford's filly had the call in the pool sales, for she brought $100 to Bonnie Lass $60 and Natalie $30. The race being a half mile dash, the start took place from the half mile pole, and when the flag dropped, Bonnie Lass, quick as a cat on her feet, jumped off with the lead, Natalie second, and Sanford two or three lengths behind. Before they had gone a hundred yards the favorite had passed Natalie, and was in hot pursuit of Bonnie Lass. As they rounded the turn into the straight run home Bonnie Lass was a clear length ahead. Coming up the quarter stretch, the rider of Minx made a determined effort to collar the leader, but, although she gained perceptibly at every stride, she could not fairly reach her, and was beaten by half a length across the string in 53¼ seconds. Natalie a bad third, ten lengths behind. Summary:—

FIRST RACE.—*Post Stake Premium* for two year olds, to carry 90 lbs; $50 entrance, p. p.; a dash of half a mile, premium of $350 added; three or more to fill, closed with the following subscribers:—Colonel McDaniel entered b f Bonnie Lass, by Balrownie, dam Pasta, by Revenue.....1

Mr. Sanford entered b f Minx, by Lexington, dam Mildred, by Glencoe.....2

Mr. Dowling entered b f by Breckenridge, dam Morrissey's dam, by Bonnie Scotland.....3

Time, 53½.

THE SECOND RACE

was for all ages, dash of a mile and a half, for a purse of $400. Seven horses entered for this prize, viz.:—J. Eckerson's pair, Local and Sleety; McConnell & Harness' Vauxhall, Col. McDaniel's couple, Red Dick and the Deucalion filly; Mr. Sanford's Lute and Dowling's Lunar. Vauxhall, a fine, slashing three year old colt, by Lexington, belonging to McConnell and Harness, and in the same stable as General Duke and Luxemburgh, was, on the strength of his good looks and his high reputation for speed in private, made the favorite, but his trainer, Ed. Thompson, assured us that he had never breezed or scraped the colt since he had arrived at Secaucus, and that he, consequently, was not in fit condition. The public, however, ignorant of this, plunged on him, and in the pools he was made favorite, selling for as much as the rest combined. In one pool he brought at the rate of $70 to Lute's $25; McDaniel's entry, $15; Eckerson's entry, $17, and Dowling's, $10. The flag dropped to a fair, level start, Sleety being quickly seen in front, cutting out the running at a rattling pace to assist her stable companion, Local, who laid behind. As they passed the stand the first time (the start was from the half mile pole) Sleety was leading, with Vauxhall at her saddle girths, Lute and Local two lengths behind, and Red Dick fifth. There was no change in the above order of position until after passing the starting point, the mile being run in 1:52, when Sleety, having accomplished her mission, fell back beaten, and Local took second place as they neared the three-quarter pole. Coming up the stretch, Local went up and challenged the favorite, raced with her a few strides, and, after a struggle, short, sharp and decisive, the latter gave way, and, amid loud cheering, Local came home a winner by three lengths, Vauxhall second, as far before Red Dick, Lute fourth, Lunar fifth, and Sleety seventh and last. Time, 2:48½.

SAME DAY.—Premium $450, for all ages, a mile and a half dash.

Mr. Ekerson entered ch h Local, by Lightning, dam Maroon, by Glencoe, 5 yrs.....1

Messrs. McConnell & Harness entered b c Vauxhall, by Lexington, dam Verona, by Yorkshire, 3 yrs.....2

Mr. McDaniel entered b h Red Dick, by Lexington, dam Alabama, 5 yrs.....3

Mr. Sanford entered bk f Lute, by Lexington, dam by Albion, 3 yrs.....4

Col. McDaniel entered ch f by Doncalion, dam by Commodore, 3 yrs.....5

Mr. Eckerson entered b f Sleety, by Rodgers, dam Angelina, by Albion, 4 yrs.....6

Mr. Dowling entered b f Lunar, by imported Eclipse, dam Hermonist, by Hermes.....7

Time, 2:48½.

THE THIRD RACE was a stallion post stake, for three year olds, with six entries, but only two were brought on the track. Mr. Read's b f by Breckenridge, and Col. McDaniel's ch f by Jeff. Davis. The latter however, was found to be dead lame and was withdrawn, Mr. Read's entry galloping over for the money.

SAME DAY.—The Great Stallion Post Stake, for colts and fillies, two years old at time of entrance. Subscription, the highest price charged for the services of the stallion the year the mare was served; the Association to add $300; the second to save stake. Four or more to fill. Mile heats. Closed May 1, 1867, with six subscribers:—Mr. T. B. Read entered produce of Breckenridge, Wild Agnes, dam Sophia.....rd. f.

Maj. T. G. Bacon entered produce of Bill Cheatham.....pd. ft.

Col. T. C. Bush entered produce of imp. Lapidist.....pd. ft.

Mr. P. Morris entered produce of imp. Eclipse.....pd. ft.

Col. D. McDaniel entered produce of Planet.....pd. ft.

Col. D. McDaniel entered produce of Jeff. Davis.....pd. ft.

SECOND DAY.

The weather continued dull and gloomy, preventing many visitors from attending, who would otherwise have been present if the day was fine. Still there was a fair assemblage, who thoroughly enjoyed the sport, which was of a very high character; the fields of starters being large, and the contests close and exciting. The Ohio stable was represented in each of the three races, but was unsuccessful in all. The second victory of Local was highly gratifying to the public. The mile heat race was very exciting, and Egotist, who was sold last year here after winning a selling race, showed that he possessed the speed of all the Eclipse stock, by beating such horses as General Duke, Sleety and others, although he had to succumb himself to the Lucy Fowler Colt, whose name has recently been changed from Clement to Richard B. Conolly.

THE FIRST RACE

was a selling race of $350, for all ages, mile and a quarter dash. The entries for it were Judge Ackerman's ch h Eagle, aged, entered to be sold for $500; S. W. Dowling's b m Lunar, 3 yrs, $500; Urbane, 4 yrs, $500; Sumpter, 3 yrs, $1,000; and Jubal, 4 yrs, $500. Horses entered for $500, allowed 14 lbs from the regular weights; for $1,000, 7 lbs; for $1,500, the full weight. The betting was very heavy, Urbane being the favorite, although Sumpter had been backed in pools against the field the evening before in the city. Urbane brought $135; Sumpter, $100; Eagle, $100; Jubal, $80, and Lunar $17. Many fancied the stout, pony-built Jubal for this race, for he looked fitter than any of the others. Sumpter was not liked when seen, for he was not half prepared; Eagle had many friends, who fancied him for his running third to Norfolk in the first Jersey Derby, in which race the mighty Kentucky only obtained second place, as well as his fine race with Panic on the Centreville course the same year. Since that time Eagle has been at the stud, standing at Hackensack, from his spleudid pedigree, must have done good service in improving the stock of this part of New Jersey. Lunar cut out the work from the start, and as they passed the stand she was heading Eagle half a length, the favorite almost parrallel with the latter and Jubal fourth. After passing the quarter pole, Urbane went to the front and carried on the running throughout, winning by six lengths; Jubal, who came on the last quarter with a rush, being second, Sumpter third, Eagle fourth, and Lunar last. Time, 2:16.

HOBBLE RACE.—Selling premium of $250, for all ages; one and one-quarter mile dash; highest entry $1,500, and at such to carry appropriate weight; those entered to be sold for $1,000, allowed 7lbs; those entered to be sold for $500 allowed 14lbs.

Col. D. McDaniel entered ch c Urbane, by Breckenridge out of Lady Sykes, 4 yrs. $500.....1

Mr. J. Eckerson entered b g Jubal, by Balrownie, out of Julia, by Glencoe, 4 yrs. $500.....2

Messrs. McConnell & Harness entered b h Sumpter, by Hero, dam by imp. Monarch, 3 yrs. $1,000.....3

Mr. P. J. Ackarman entered ch h Eagle, by Vaudal, out of Edith, 5 yrs. $500.....4

Mr. J. M. Dowling entered b f Lunar, by imp. Eclipse out of Hermonist, by Hermus, 3 yrs. $500.....5

Time, 2:18.

THE SECOND RACE

was a purse of $500, for all ages, dash of two miles. The entries were McDaniels' c c Morrissey; J. H. Dowling's b g Exile; Sanford and Harness' br h Luxemburgh, and J. Eckerson's ch h Local. With the exception of the imported English horse Exile (formerly called Pepper's Ghost) every horse in the race had a numerous party of friends, and the betting was consequently spirited and heavy. Local, on the strength of his first day's victory, was made the favorite in the pool sales, bringing $225 to Luxemburgh's $200; Morrissey $150; and Exile $11. Morrissey was off first, and quickly opened a wide gap, being fully six lengths ahead at the quarter pole, with Luxemburgh second, half a length before Exile, and the favorite last. In this way they ran the first mile in 1:56½, except that Local was along side of Exile. On the backstretch Morrissey began to come back to his horses, and his lead sensibly diminished. On the backstretch Local and Luxemburgh were alongside him, Exile being already beaten, and Morrissey, giving way at the half mile, having shot his bolt, beat a retreat. The race was now left to Local and Luxemburgh, and was soon decided, for Local, full of running, galloped home a clever winner by a length in 3:47; Morrissey and Exile pulling up. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Premium of $500, all ages; dash of two miles.

J. Eckerson entered ch h Local, by Lightning, dam Maroon, by Glencoe, 5 yrs.....1

Messrs. McConnell & Harness entered br h Luxemburgh, by imp. Sovereign, dam by Lexington, 6 yrs.....2

Col. D. McDaniel entered b c Morrissey, by Breckenridge, dam by Bonnie Scotland, 4 yrs.....3

Mr. J. H. Dowling entered b g Exile (late Pepper's Ghost), out of Fright, by Hypocrite, 6 yrs.....4

Time, 3:47.

THE THIRD RACE

was one of mile heats, all ages, for a purse of $500. There was a fine entry for this race, consisting of General Duke, Richard B. Conolly (formerly called Clement), Sleety, Egotist, La Henderson, Jewess and Oysterman, Jr. Conolly had the call in the pools, bringing $250, General Duke $205, Sleety $50, and the field $45.

FIRST HEAT.—La Henderson, Sleety and Egotist made the running together, with the favorite in the rear, evidently not going for the heat. As they turned into the straight, Egotist and La Henderson were locked, with General Duke third. The latter made his effort when fairly on the straight, and got his head in front; but, swerving from the whip, Egotist shot past him and won by a length, Duke second, La Henderson third, and Clement fourth. Time, 1:47.

SECOND HEAT.—Conolly was now backed against the field, as it was imagined that Egotist would not live another heat, and General Duke's goose was already cooked. La Henderson and Egotist raced together in front for three-quarters of a mile, when the favorite, who had laid fourth, came out and won easily by two lengths, in 1:47; Egotist second and General Duke third.

THIRD HEAT.—Betting $100 to $20 on Conolly, who made his own running throughout, and won by two lengths; Egotist second, three lengths before General Duke; Sleety fourth, and Oysterman last. Time, 1:49½. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Premium of $500, all ages; mile heats.

Col. D. McDaniel entered br c Richard B. Conolly (late Clement), by Lexington, out of Lucy Fowler, 4 yrs.....4 1 1

A. Hopper entered ch c Egotist, by Eclipse, out of Nanisy, 4 yrs.....1 2 2

Messrs. McConnell & Harness entered ch c Gen. Duke, by Lexington, dam Lilla, by imp. Yorkshire, 3 yrs.....2 3 3

J. Eckerson entered b f Sleety, by Rodgers, dam Angelina, by Albion, 4 yrs.....5 4 4

D. M. Dunham entered b c Oysterman, Jr., by Oysterman, dam by Phil. Brown, 4 yrs.....6 6 5

M. H. Sanford entered ch f La Henderson, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe, 3 yrs.....3 5 6

J. H. Dowling entered ch f Jewess, by Breckinridge, out of Rebecca, by Glencoe, 3 yrs.....7 7 7

Time, 1:47; 1:47; 1:49½.

The Cincinnati Spring Meeting.

In our last issue we gave the result of the first day's racing at this important western turf gathering, which commenced on Saturday, 23d ult., and we herewith summarise the events of the succeeding days.

SECOND DAY, MAY 25.

The weather was very beautiful on the second day and the attendance large and fashionable. We append the summary:—

FIRST RACE.—Stake for four year olds, mile heats; $25 entrance, p. p.; Club to add $400. Five subscribers or more to fill.

John M. Clay's ch c Victory, by Uncle Vic, dam Magnolia, by Glencoe.....1 1

D. J. Crouse's ch c by Lexington, dam Daylight, by Glencoe.....2 2

A. K. Richards' b c, 4 yrs, by Mickey Free, dam Melrose, by Melbourne.....4 3

J. V. Grigsby's ch f Phœnix Belle, by Australian, dam Dolly Carter, by Glencoe.....3 4

H. P. McGrath's b g Rabbit Hash, by Colossus, dam Mollie Saffle, by Lexington.....5dis

Time, 1:44½; 1:45½.

SECOND RACE.—Burnet House Purse, $500; two mile heats, for all ages.

W. P. Anderson's (James Ford's) b h Col. Frank Wolford, by Runic, dam Parody, by imp. Glencoe, 4 yrs.....2 1 1

John Stitnlius' (H. P. McGrath's) ch g Erin, by Endorser, dam Roxana, by imp. Glencoe, 4 yrs.....1 2 2

J. R. Whaley's (D. Swigert's) ch h Merrill, by Lexington, dam Miriam, by imp. Glencoe, 5 yrs.....4 4 3

James A. Grinstead's b f Lucy Gray, by imp. Fazzoletto, dam Nellie Grey, by Lexington, 4 yrs.....3 dis

J. Bugher's (J. C. Franklin's) ch f Idalia, by Jack Malone, dam by Tennessee Citizen, 4 yrs.....4 dis

A. B. Holabird's b m Birdy Bird, by Revenue, dam La Variation, by imp. Ambassador, 5 yrs.....dis

Time, 3:38½; 3:37; 3:41½.

THIRD DAY, MAY 26.

FIRST RACE.—Stake for three year olds, two mile heats; $25 entrance, p. p.; Club to add $400. Five subscribers or more to fill.

Johnson & Patterson's c c Richelieu, by Hiawatha, dam Fanny McAllister.....1 1

D. Swigert's b f Bonita, by Lexington, dam Banner, by imp. Albion.....2 2

H. P. McGrath's br f Biddy Malone, by Star Davis, dam Ohio, by Oliver.....3 3

Jackson & Loudsdale's ch c Dick Jackson, by Revenue, dam Vicadre, by imp. Margrave.....dis

Time, 3:38½; 3:47.

SECOND RACE.—Dash of one mile and a half, for all ages; purse $400.

J. R. Whaley's b h Bayswater, by Lexington, dam Bay Leaf, by imp. Yorkshire.....1

John Stettinius' ch c Transit, by Bleakwind, dam Prairie Flower, by imp. Sovereign, 4 yrs.....2

R. Underwood's ch c Mack, by imp. Eclipse, dam imported, by Weatherbit, 5 yrs.....3

Sam'l Morgan's b m Betty West, by Colton, dam Katona, by Sarpedon, 5 yrs.....4

W. P. Anderson's b f Woodford Belle, by Lexington, dam Amanda Morehead, by imp. Glencoe, 4 yrs.....5

J. H. Smith's br c Peter Cumalinctum, by Austerlitz, dam Topaz, by imp. Glencoe, 4 yrs.....6

A. B. Holabird's b f Birdy Bird, by Revenue, dam La Variation, by imp. Ambassador, 5 yrs.....7

C. W. Woolley's b f, by Australian, dam Magenta, by Mahomet, 3 yrs.....8

B. G. Bruce's blk c Jerry Sparkle, by Bleakwind, dam by imp. Ambassador, 4 yrs.....9

Time, 3:38.

TROT FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.—There was a fair attendance of turfites at Clarke & LeFever's Park, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the afternoon of the 28th ult., when a purse of $100 was competed for by J. Malone's brown Hambletonian stallion, George Tabor's bay mare, Lady Morgan, and D. Tallman's Wallrussia, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The former was the favorite in the betting at odds of 100 to 70, and won clearly in three straight heats, Wallrussia being second in each. Time, 2:50; 2:49; 2:45.

SINGULAR CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.—A gentleman doing business on Yonge street, who is also something of a horse fancier, made what he thought an excellent investment in horse flesh. On going home in the evening with his new purchase, he entertained his family with details of the operation. He retired to bed with his mind in a decidedly horsey condition, and it is therefore not singular that his slumbers should have been disturbed with the nightmare. In the middle of the night he got up in his sleep, went to the stable and took out his new horse, mounted him and started on a good round pace to the city. He continued his nocturnal equestrianism through the streets for a considerable time. His singular appearance and actions attracted the attention of a policeman, who, thinking some insane circus rider had broken loose, or that John Gilpin's spirits had returned to earth, took him into custody, and with great fear and trembling conducted him to one of the station houses. Shortly afterwards the gentleman was thoroughly a

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE CHRISTY, DIED MAY 12, 1868.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Father Death, thou grim boatman! deal kindly, we pray,
With the soul that has crossed thy dark ferry to-day;
A poor human soul, with its faults for its pall,
But with something of goodness that shone thro' them all.
Row softly, grim boatman! poor George is asleep,
And the waters are black and the river is deep;
Bear him safely across to the land of the blest,
Where in peaceful contentment the weary ones rest.

When the deeds of our race are all weighed in that scale
Whose balance is just, whose results never fail,
Some reward will be due to those children of earth
Who stirred the full depths of the fountains of mirth.
Let us write then for Christy this plain epitaph:—
HE CAUSED MEN TO LAUGH.

When a cruel man dies, those who gather around,
Ere they give him his heritage—six feet of ground—
Unwittingly think that thro' all of his years
He sowed bitter discord and harvested tears,
And a curse is implied, when in words low but deep,
They remark at his burial he caused men to weep.

Then for him who has lightened the weight of our woe
By the humorous things of a comical "show,"
Who has smoothed the rough turmoil of passion and strife,
And cast a new cheerfulness over man's life,
Some brief words of kindness we surely should trace
When the pallor of death is set on his face.

And so, thou grim boatman, deal gently we pray,
With the soul that has crossed your dark ferry to-day;
And forgetting his faults let us now only heed
The generous heart, which redeemed him indeed,
And unite in the hope that beyond the cold river,
Whose waters are black and which flows on forever,
Poor George will at last be permitted to rest
In the land of contentment, the home of the blest. H. J. D.

MY EXPERIENCE
As a Negro Minstrel Manager.

BY JO SCUTTLES.

I have ever had a weakness for shows. In my juvenile days the advent of a circus in the country town where I was reared, with its calico horses and dingy paraphernalia, was enough to raise me to the seventh heaven of felicity, while menageries, minstrel troupes, magicians and the whole race of itinerant exhibiters found in me a ready patron and an ardent admirer. Even an Italian with a hand organ and monkey I looked upon with interest not unmixed with awe. In short, I was "show struck" from my earliest childhood, and as I advanced in years the passion increased rather than diminished.

It will not be deemed strange, then, that on my first arrival in New York, whither I had come to seek my fortune, I felt a strange sensation upon reading the following advertisement, which chanced to strike my eye as I was glancing over the advertising columns of the New York *Herald*, in hopes of finding some opening for a young man of my abilities and expectations:—

$500.—WANTED, to find a gentleman of business tact and capacity, who will invest the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS in a first class exhibition, and take the entire charge of money matters. To such a one an opportunity is offered for making a fortune in a short time. This is a splendid chance for any one who wishes to travel in a gentlemanly manner, and make money at the same time. Address immediately

B. C. C.

Had a pantomimic fairy in pink tights and spangled petticoats jumped out of a Broadway omnibus, entered the hotel and asked me to accompany her to the radiant realms of bliss, I could not have been more flustered than I was upon reading this advertisement. Here was a path to the life I had always so envied thrown open to me, and the golden inducement of "a fortune in a short time" added zest to my inclination to embrace the opportunity. It is needless to add that "C. C. C." very soon received a note from me requesting an interview.

The following morning brought the advertiser to my hotel in the person of Mr. Corker—Crickey Corker he called himself—the most versatile and accomplished Ethiopian delineator in the country—so he told me. Corker was an overwhelming fellow, with a huge black moustache and a volubility that was wonderful. In less than five minutes he had overwhelmed me. I was completely in his power. He was accompanied by a pale, nervous individual, in a decidedly seedy suit of black, whom he introduced as Col. Bunn. Corker had formed a band of minstrels, the best party in the country. Corker was a host in himself. Corker had secured the services of Col. Bunn, the most energetic and indefatigable agent in the United States. Col. Bunn was a host in himself. The talent of Corker was such as to insure the success of any troupe he was with, whether they had any agent ahead or not. The activity and energy of Col. Bunn would make the fortune of any company who might be happy enough to secure his services, even if it was the worst that ever traveled. In fact, there never was a troupe started under such favorable auspices; the only thing lacking was a little ready money—a "stake," as Mr. Corker expressed it—for the necessary preliminary expenses, until the company got into working order. What was five hundred dollars? Why, with any kind of ordinary business we could clear more than that in two nights. There were ten people in the company; their united salaries amounted to one hundred and twenty dollars a week—twenty dollars a night. These were the principal expenses. We couldn't, if we tried, take less than one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars at each performance, and some halls would hold five and six hundred dollars. Col. Bunn knew all the best halls, and just what they would hold. Certainly it was, as Corker expressed it, "just the deadest, surest thing" he ever knew. I should be manager, and have the entire control of all the money received, so that there could be no possible chance of my losing anything by the operation. Whatever money I advanced should be refunded out of the first receipts, and when that was repaid, Corker and myself should be joint partners, and divide all the profits equally. Could anything be fairer? Certainly not. The bargain was closed on the spot, to the ecstatic delight of the active and energetic Col. Bunn, who had watched the negotiation in a state of nervous anxiety which was painful to behold.

Upon one point a difficulty arose; that was in regard to christening the troupe. "Crickey Corker's Carkoperalogeans" was the alliterative and alluring title propounded by my new partner; "Scuttles' Minstrels" was proposed by your humble servant. The discussion as to choice was warm and protracted, but I was inexorable, and, as usual, capital carried the point. As compromise, however, it was agreed that a mammoth poster, bearing the words "Crickey Corker," and nothing more, in the largest obtainable type, should be issued in every place which the company should visit.

Negotiations having been concluded, Corker and myself, accompanied by Col. Bunn, adjourned to a neighboring porter house, where I was introduced to several of the troupe, all of whom manifested intense gratification in making my acquaintance. The members of the negro minstrel profession have sometimes been accused of a tendency to a "loud" style of dress. My troupe were entirely free from this weakness. Not one of the party offended good taste by the display of overstylish costume or costly jewelry. Their apparel was characterized by neatness and—simplicity, I was about to say; perhaps simplicity alone would be nearer the mark. They dressed plain, and I noticed they all took plain drinks.

We next repaired to the printing office to order illuminated posters for our contemplated tour. Here the indefatigable Colonel was in his element. His knowledge in regard to cuts, big type and red ink astonished me. He had told me that he was well acquainted at the printing office, and therefore it rather surprised me when, after giving an order for the posters required, the printer remarked that it would be necessary to pay the cash before the work could be done; I felt somewhat nettled, too; so, stepping forward, I pulled out my pocketbook, containing a little over five hundred dollars in bills of various denominations, and told the man to make out his bill, and I would settle it on the spot. I looked quite surprised at the size of my "pile," and at once became decidedly more respectful in his manner. Directly afterwards I heard him say to the Colonel, in a confidential manner:—

"I guess you've struck a good thing," and I was highly pleased to find that he thought favorably of our enterprise.

The printing bill paid, we returned to my hotel and laid out our plans for the forthcoming campaign. The selection of the route to be taken was left to the indefatigable Colonel, and it was decided to give our initial performance in the city of Rowersburg, which will not be found on any map, and, in fact, is not the real name of the place selected for our *debut*. It was arranged that the Colonel should leave to make arrangements on the following day, and I gave him fifty dollars to pay any necessary expenses that he might incur. Corker then suggested that, as the artists of the troupe would be put to some expense in getting ready for traveling, they would expect one week's salary in advance, and as I handed over the amount, one hundred and twenty dollars, Corker did not ask for any money for himself, but he required a hundred "chucks," as he expressed it, to buy stage properties with, which I furnished him, and for which he promised to account. This, with the printing bill of one hundred and fifty dollars, which I had paid, made a grand total of four hundred and twenty dollars that I had disbursed in one day; but I consoled myself with the reflection that in a week's time the money would be coming in every day in fact, it was there, in my pocket.

In a day or two I received a letter from our active agent, stating that he had engaged a hall and billed the town, and expressing himself in glowing terms in regard to the prospects for business. He also sent me a copy of the Bowersburg *Roarer*, containing our advertisement, and a flaming puff of the troupe. At this, all uneasiness that I might have felt in regard to the success of our project vanished, and I employed the whole of the following day in making inquiries in regard to the prices of bank stock and other securities with an eye to future investments. Finally, it b coming impossible for me to control my patience longer, I started for Bowersburg in advance of the company, leaving Corker fifty dollars to pay the fares of the party when they should follow me.

Arrived at my place of destination, I registered my name at the principal hotel, and inquired for Col. Bunn. The landlord smiled, and informed me that I would probably find him at the "saloon" on the opposite side of the street. Upon entering that institution, I found a crowd in a state of great hilarity. Looking around the room, I noticed a door at the further end, upon which was tacked a strip of paper, cut from one of my bills, upon which was printed the line, "Scuttles' Minstrels," and immediately beneath it the words "Admission five cents." At the door stood a man with a handful of currency. Determined to know the meaning of this, I accosted the individual without delay. Time I was, as follows:—

"What is this, sir; an exhibition?"

"Yes," was the reply, "Scuttles' Minstrels, from the Feejee Islands—greatest troupe in the world. Admission only five cents. Trombone solo now going on. Only five cents—walk up gentlemen."

I put my five cents, walked in, and what a spectacle did I behold.

In a shoe box, his heels hanging over the edge at one end, and his head at the other, lay my active and indefatigable agent, his face crossed and criss-crossed with streaks of burnt cork, sound asleep and snoring as to fairly shake the rafters of the building. Without saying a word, I retraced my steps to my hotel, retired to my room, and went to bed in a state of unspeakable disgust.

The next morning, descending to breakfast, I met the Colonel in the most buoyant spirits imaginable. Upon my mentioning the scene I had witnessed the previous evening, he laughed the matter off, and informed me that drinking whiskey was one of the most important duties of an agent. I was necessary to make friends and to make friends it was necessary to drink a large amount of whiskey per diem. I was not quite convinced; but when after breakfast, we went out together, the number of people we met who appeared to be acquainted with the Colonel astonished me that if his theory was correct it was not astonishing that I found him in the condition that I have described. As there was no necessity for his remaining longer in Bowersburg, I sent him on to the next place that we were to visit, the town of Soughtonville, and set myself down to work, as patiently as I could, the arrival of the troupe and the commencement of our season.

The eventful night at length arrived. The troupe were all on hand, the hall was in readiness, and in company with the mournful Corker, I left the hotel after ten to open the exhibition. Although nearly an hour before the time announced for the performances, we found a crowd already gathered in front of the door. Of course I was delighted, while Corker was jubilant to excess. We had the hall lighted up in the shortest possible time, and proceeded to open doors immediately. The proprietor of the hall officiated in the ticket seller, while I stood at the door.

The art of tending door may seem quite simple to the uninitiated, but I found it a very different matter from what I had anticipated. The crowd came with a rush, and I breasted the tide as well as I could, endeavoring vainly at tickets wherever I saw them, and thrusting them into the box as fast as I got my hands filled. Those who were honest enough to purchase tickets presented them, and those who had none passed in with the rush; as to examining the tickets to see if they were right, that was entirely out of the question, so complete was my bewilderment.

At last the hall was filled and the rush subsided. Then Corker, whom I had noticed bobbing excitedly about the outskirts of the crowd, disappearing occasionally in the direction of a neighboring restaurant, approached and called me on one side. Leaving a policeman to watch the door, I attended him.

"Scuttles, old fellow," said he, "there is one matter that we might as well have understood before this goes any further. It hasn't been settled yet what my salary is to be."

"Your salary?" I replied; "why, it was your own proposition that we should make a partnership affair of this."

"Certainly, so far as business goes—I put my business capacity against your business capacity, but not my talent. Oh, no, I guess not. For my professional services I must have my salary."

By this time the audience had commenced stamping impatiently, and here was Corker not yet dressed or blacked. I was in a fix.

"What salary do you want?" I asked.

"Seventy-five dollars a week."

"Seventy-five dollars a week? Preposterous!"

"Not a cent less. I refused that from Bryants' before I left New York. However, if that don't suit you, go on and give your show. I don't play."

Here a tremendous uproar within gave evidence of the increasing impatience of the audience.

"As for your dirty little five hundred dollars," Corker continued, "why, there is more than that in the house now. You've got too good a thing of it, anyhow. Never mind, go on with your show—go on with your show."

A perfect tempest was raging inside, and there stood Corker, as cool as a cucumber, awaiting my reply. Of course I was obliged to succumb and agree to all he demanded. He disappeared, this point was settled, and a few minutes afterward the curtain went up.

In regard to the performance, there is not much that is necessary to be said. I have no hesitation in saying not only that it was the worst that I had ever witnessed, but the worst that anybody ever witnessed. And as for Corker, that brazen impudent was the worst stick in the whole lot. He was the "funny man," and he reminded one of an undertaker with a sore throat. It was the first time that I had an opportunity of hearing the troupe—thank heaven there is now no possibility of my ever being compelled to hear them again. But I was desperate—I had gone too far to retreat, and so I kept my place manfully at the door, suffering tortures indescribable during the entire evening. But there was one consolation—we had a glorious house.

The entertainment was over. Telling the hall proprietor, who was a responsible man, that he could account to me for the tickets he had sold in the morning, Corker and myself took the ticket box to the hotel and rushed up to my room to "make up the returns."

The shrewdness—say rather the diabolical ingenuity—exhibited by the boys of an interior town in contriving means to get into a show without paying is something utterly beyond the comprehension of a man of ordinary intellect. I have remarked that I was a novice in the art of door-tending, and that I found it impossible to examine the tickets, so fast did they pour into my hands. The intelligent juveniles of Bowersburg appear to have discovered this fact early in the evening, as will be surmised from the contents of the ticket box, which I give here from the original statement I drew up for Mr. Corker's satisfaction on the night in question:—

RETURN OF HOUSE.

77 Cash tickets	$38.50
50 orders from *Roarer* office	0.00
1 Dentist's card on yellow pasteboard	0.00
30 Family tickets, Common Councilmen	0.00
60 Blank yellow pasteboard cards	0.00
1 Card describing a patent pig pen	0.00
20 Orders from Hotel proprietor	0.00
3 Last years' circus tickets	0.00
7 Last years' cattle show tickets	0.00
1 Eye and ear doctor's card	0.00
331 Complimentary tickets—issued by Bunn	0.00
Total	$38.50

A dead silence prevailed for some minutes after I had submitted this statement to Corker, which was broken by that individual remarking that it was a devilish shrewd idea in Bunn to put out so many complimentaries, as otherwise we should have had a shy house. As it was, the thing had opened with a crowd, and to-morrow night we should have a big paying house, as the show had gone off splendidly. I didn't say anything in regard to the latter proposition, but it struck me forcibly that, whereas our gentlemanly agent was exceedingly out at elbows when I first made his acquaintance, he had left Bowersburg clothed in gorgeous apparel Subsequent investigations satisfied me that the gay and festive colonel had dressed himself from head to foot with "complimentaries" which he had bartered at a frightful discount.

As we had come down to figures, I proposed to Corker that we should make a little estimate of our expenses before retiring, as by this time I had awakened to a realizing sense of the fact that the salary list of $20 a day was not the principal item of our expenditures. After a good deal of figuring, we arrived at the following result:

Hall rent	$40 00
License	15 00
(And thirty family tickets to City Councilmen).	
2,000 small bills at *Roarer* office	16 00
Distributing the same	6 00
Advertising in *Roarer*	5 00
Building 3 bill boards at $12 each	35 00
Salaries of troupe	20 00
Salary of Corker	75 00
Board of 12 men at $3 per day	36 00
Bill posting	5 00
Against which put cash receipts	$189 50 38 50
Leaving a deficit of	$151 00

To say nothing of the expenses of the Colonel, poster printing, railroad fares and a variety of sundries. An encouraging state of things to go to bed on.

Early the next morning I was awakened by Corker, who brought me up a cocktail and a copy of the *Roarer*, and who triumphantly directed my attention to the following paragraph which appeared in a conspicuous place in the paper:—

"SCUTTLES' MINSTRELS.—The splendid troupe of Ethiopian artists and comedians opened last night at Sparvin's Hall to the largest and most fashionable audience ever gathered together in this city; and their chaste, elegant and highly artistic performances were received with irrepressible enthusiasm from beginning to end. We have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing this the best troupe that has ever visited our city. Their jokes are all new. As musicians they have few equals and no superiors. Crickey Corker is immense. Mr. Scuttles, the gentlemanly proprietor, is a gentleman in every sense of the word and advertises liberally. Hence his overwhelming success. The troupe will appear again to-night and we advise all to be on hand early who have any expectation of securing seats. *Allons*, as the French say."

The cocktail and the *Roarer*, taken together, served to raise my spirits considerably, and I began to hope that matters would not turn out so badly after all. As the amount of money taken in did not quite cover the hall rent, I concluded not to ask the proprietor for a settlement. Corker and I took a walk about the city during the forenoon, and after dinner I retired to my room for a nap, not having been able to shut my eyes during the night for sheer anxiety. Evening came at last, and I opened the doors for the second performance. Half an hour passed away, and there were fourteen people in the hall, five of whom came in on orders from the *Roarer* office. Corker came and drew me on one side.

"Scuttles, my boy," said he, "the dog is dead. How much money have you left?"

"Just about enough to take me back to New York," was the reply.

"Scuttles," said Corker, showing more feeling than I had given him credit for possessing, "this is a bad scrape that I've got you into. It's no use talking; this is a great failure. If you stay here they will have you in jail, certain. You are the proprietor of the troupe, and are responsible for everything. We are only performers, and they won't trouble us. The train for New York starts to-night at eight. You take it, and we will go on with the show as if nothing had happened, and that will give you a chance to clear yourself. Never mind about us, we will get out of it somehow. We got you into this unfortunate business, and it is only fair that we should get you out safe. If they say anything to you at the hotel about leaving, tell them you are going to Soughtonville to see about a hall. Good-by, old boy! God bless you!" and with a parting squeeze of the hand, the honest fellow hurried me off, it being unnecessary for me to state that I at once saw the propriety of following his friendly advice. I could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, however, when I reflected upon the generous manner in which Corker had acted in the closing scene of our business relations.

The train upon which I took passage met with an accident, and we missed our connection, consequently I was obliged to lay over at the junction until morning. While awaiting the arrival of the New York train the next day, the morning train from Bowersburg came in, and on it was a newsboy with a bundle of *Roarers*. I purchased one just before stepping on board my train, and after comfortably seating myself, opened it, when judge of my surprise, horror and indignation, as my eye rested on the following atrocious paragraph, which appeared in the editorial column, garnished with a bold-faced, flaunting caption:—

"A BARE-FACED SWINDLER!

"At a late hour last evening we learned that Joseph Scuttles, the Manager of Scuttles' Minstrels, now performing at Sparvins' Hall, in this city, had suddenly taken his departure, leaving his company and a large number of unpaid bills to take care of themselves. The *Roarer* office is among the sufferers. This Scuttles had only just organized his troupe. He opened here to an overflowing house, and then absconded, taking the entire receipts of the first night's performance, which must have amounted to something in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars. He paid none of his performers, who find themselves left in a very embarrassing position. They are extremely anxious for their own sakes, that all bills contracted by Scuttles shall be honorably settled, and to that end will give another entertainment to-night, with an entire change of programme, the proceeds to be applied to the liquidation of Scuttles' liabilities. With so worthy an object in view, it is hoped that our citizens will respond liberally to this appeal to their generosity, especially as the performances will be found of the highest order of merit. Mr. Corker, the leading member of the troupe, who appears to be a gentleman, as he certainly is a most excellent artist, requests us to state that this Scuttles is not a member of the profession, but a speculator, who represented himself to be possessed of unlimited means."

This was not all. The funny local man—every country daily has a funny local man—must needs have his little, paltry fling at me, and here is the contemptible, pointless sarcasm which he put at the very top of his local column:—

"SCUTTLES HAS SCUTTLED."

The perfidy of Corker was apparent at a glance. Under pretense of saving me from arrest, he had induced me to leave, and then he had turned round and villified me to the public in the hope of gaining sympathy for himself and his confederates. The scoundrel! The cool, calculating, designing villain! It appears, from information which I subsequently obtained, that the ruse was in a measure successful, for a very fair house rewarded the conspirators for their ingenuity, with the proceeds of which the party returned to New York without having "bonorably settled" Scuttles' liabilities, as they had promised, to which fact may be attributed the insertion of the following article which I had the satisfaction of reading in a stray copy of the *Roarer* that happened to fall in my way:—

"A SET OF HUMBUGS.—A party of worthless vagabonds, calling themselves 'Scuttles' Minstrels,' have been making night hideous for a few evenings past at Sparvins' Hall, and have gone away owing everybody that was foolish enough to trust them. They are behind office nearly one hundred dollars for job printing, besides a large bill for advertising. Their principal performer, Crickey Corker, as he called himself, is enough to make a dog sick with his abortive attempts to be funny, while his companions, if such a thing can be possible, even worse than him. As for music, they have no more idea of it than an Esquimaux dog has of high art. Listening to the killing of a sow is ecstacy compared to the tortures inflicted upon the ear by the horrible wailings of these unmitigated humbugs. If they would turn their attention to wood-sawing or blacking boots, they might become of some use to society, and earn an honest, if not a luxurious living. But if they depend upon their musical talents for support, they can only arrive at one of two ends—the almshouse or the penitentiary. Pass them around, for it is the press."

And my facetious friend, the local man, also came to the charge, bestowing upon them the following parting salute:—

"Vale Boo.—The advent of the latest negro minstrel infliction was heralded by posters of mammoth dimensions bearing the legend in letters of portentious size:—

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That's just what we say. Look out for 'em wherever they go. Also, look out for your pocketbooks."

But the reader will ask, what has become of the active and indefatigable agent, Col. Bunn? Don't trouble yourself. That talented and enterprising young man is fully capable of taking care of himself. It will be recollected that I sent him on to Soughtonville to advertise that place. He did so. He made all the required arrangements in the most thorough manner, treated complimentaries with the inhabitants of that flourishing village for all manner of trade, borrowed thirty dollars from the landlord on the credit of the company, giving him an order on me for the payment thereof, and then struck for some other place to repeat the same proceedings. With a trunk full of high-colored bills, and a pocket full of complimentary tickets, that genius will make his way anywhere. I have no doubt he is advertising Scuttles' Minstrels yet. Even at this moment he may be plastering the walls of some far off town in Iowa or Minnesota, with his delusive posters, or chalking the optics of some enchanting hotel keeper with brilliant words and seductive complimentaries. I refer to this rapid way overtake him and put a quietus upon his nefarious style of operating. If such should be the case, these few pages will not have been written in vain. And if, gentle reader, upon arising from your virtuous couch some fine morning, you should find the fence opposite your dwelling decorated with gorgeous posters announcing that "Scuttles' Minstrels are Coming," you are hereby authorized to interm your friends and neighbors, in the most emphatic manner, for Scuttles' Minstrels are not coming, and that Scuttles himself has left the show business for ever.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 7.—The Olympic's Patrons.

I know of no locality in the city, which had been patronized by a distinctive class of citizens, more habitually resorted to than the Olympic during the palmy days of Mitchell's able *regime*, as it presented a species of intermediate social exchange between the haunts of business hours and the more public recunions of club and coffee saloons. We at this day do not comprehend the relation which the lobby of a popular theatre bore to its habitual patrons in a Lygone day. A man now-a-days goes to the theatre, witnesses a representation, and hurries to his club or home, as the case may be, retiring from the play-house satisfied that he has seen a play and paid his money therefor. With the past and passing generation the case was exactly the reverse, for the *habitues* of a theatre were familiar with the pieces produced and the merits of the performers; consequently the dramatic part of the programme was secondary to the social privilege of interchanging friendly communications. In fact, if a loiterer, a man about town, visited a theatre it was mainly with the idea of there encountering companions of a congenial spirit, attracted thither by a similarity of design. The young man, fast youth of the time, upon whom the patronage of the theatre especially devolved, lounged to the dramatic temple of his choice, loitered around the lobby, and possibly, if the piece was a new one, condescended to witness its performance; then, no sooner had the curtain descended than he sauntered back to the lobby, either to seek out some acquaintance whom he had detected in a box seat, or to deliver his opinion on the merits of the evening's entertainment, or such portion as he had viewed with critical eye. This done, the theatre goer either adjourned to some neighboring bar-room to refresh, with a friend, their wearied spirits, or he moved around among the crowd awaiting the arrival of some particular point, when some artiste he admired either sang a favorite song or performed some other feat in her avocation which gained his distinguished approval.

The entire theatrical system, thirty years ago, differed radically from that at present governing dramatic entertainments. The very internal arrangement of theatres has undergone a revolutionary change to suit the modification in public taste, and to render them consonant with our altered social habits. All theatres of the day in which I flourished, whatever may be their dimensions or pretensions, were constructed upon similar principles, with a view of accommodating the contradictory elements attracted to the play houses' common centre. To combine oil with water was an easy task compared with the moral duty imposed upon a manager by the requirements of local custom, and as he knew he would fail to commingle the inharmonious ingredients of his auditory he was forced to do the next wisest thing, to impose almost unsurmountable barriers against their physical contact, hence the pit, devoted wholly to the male gender, was entered by a subterranean passage-way, running beneath the boxes and furnished with distinct ticket vendors and door keepers. The first and second tiers of boxes, shut off from the lobby by a series of doors, were set aside for the occupation of ladies and their attendent cavaliers, while the third tier was assigned for the use of such courtezans as may either pay an admission fee or come supplied with free tickets, most profusely doled out by parties interested in the refreshment saloon attached to this quarter of the house, upon whom has been devolved police discipline of the horde of profligates, whose existence, tolerated through custom immemorial, had proven the drama's deadliest bane. The uppermost tier, accessible through a separate entrance, and after mounting an interminable flight of half-lighted stairs, constituted that gallery, so memorable in the annals of the stage, wherein the gods sat in judgement, controlling the destinies of the players, dimly visible from the altitude of this critical bench. In the larger theatres, either end of the gallery, touching the proscenium, communicating with the lower tiers, was reserved for the accommodation of gentlemen critically inclined, as from peculiar acoustical properties inherent to the structure of these buildings, at these points the voices of the actors were conveyed with a distictness not to be obtained in the body of the house. These lofty eyries were technically denominated "the Shakespeare," and into them it was the custom of one or more of the more critical of critics to steal, in order to hurl denunciation fierce literally upon the heads of transgressing actors.

The bar-room on the second tier was liberally supplied, not only with the various fancy drinks in vogue with the exquisites of that time, but with confectionary, oranges, cakes and other delicacies suited to the palate of the fair sex; for the devouring of such like *bonne bouches* constituted an amusement with the ladies second only to the enjoyment of the play. As for the male gender, especially those in the pit, their masticating powers were devoted to the annihilation of peanuts, the shells of which, trodden under foot by enthusiastic applauders, created a species of music inscribably suggestive. I am aware that orange smoking and apple chewing would not be regarded as the cheese by the attendants at one of our Broadway theatres under the improved *regime*, but in the good old time of habitual play goers, we were in the habit of doing pretty nearly as we pleased, provided we did not offend public decency, or outrage the proprieties of social life.

Sometimes, it is true, some gentleman in the audience might aspire to the privilege of placing his boot-soles over the front of the pit, or possibly be seized with a mania for listening to the drama in his shirt-sleeves, but he was immediately recalled to a sense of duty by an unanimous shout of "boots," "trollope," or "put him out." It was in this manner that we play goers conserved memory of the mother of Anthony Trollope, who did us the honor of correcting our national education in a formidable book of travels, now unfortunately out of print.

As I have said before, the lobby of the Olympic was one of the peculiar features of the house, as well from the celebrity of the characters who were wont to lounge therein, as from their aspiring to the lead of the circle in which they rotated. They were decidedly fast men, with a method in their fastness which almost converted a moral dereliction into a public benefit. Being generally bachelors, wealthy descendants of that race of patricians once numerous in our city, but now sacrificed to the requisitions of commerce, our fashionable fast men emulated and a large number of unpaid bills to take care of themselves. The *Roarer* office is among the sufferers. This Scuttles had only just organized his troupe. He opened here to an overflowing house, and then absconded, taking the entire receipts of the first night's performance, which must have amounted to something in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars. He paid none of his performers, who find themselves left in a very embarrassing position. They are extremely anxious for their own sakes, that all bills contracted by Scuttles shall be honorably settled, and to that end will give another entertainment to-night, with an entire change of programme, the proceeds to be applied to the liquidation of Scuttles' liabilities. With so worthy an object in view, it is hoped that our citizens will respond liberally to this appeal to their generosity, especially as the performances will be found of the highest order of merit. Mr. Corker, the leading member of the troupe, who appears to be a gentleman, as he certainly is a most excellent artist, requests us to state that this Scuttles is not a member of the profession, but a speculator, who represented himself to be possessed of unlimited means."

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MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY B. A. MONTFIELD

A verdant young man from the West,
And a very fast youth of this city,
Not unknown to Police Captain Brown—
Who has nothing to do with my ditty—
Became far too friendly, methinks,
As you will agree; but, in spite of it,
His city friend asked Mr. Jinks
To join him in making a night of it.

Said Swag, "Mr. Jinks, have you got
Small bills for a hundred about you, sir?
Of checks and large bills I've a lot."
Said Jinks, "how could any one doubt you, sir?"
Fait accompli, Swag knowingly winks
His eye, showing much of the white of it,
"Adieu my respected friend Jinks,
Be sure now you make a good night of it."

A sorry look out for poor Jinks;
He found out too late he'd been chisel-ed,
But being still flush, verdant thinks
"I'll enjoy myself, though he has fizzled;"
And though he appeared still forlorn,
Bemoaning his purse, or the plight of it,
He started to see the "White Fawn,"
Resolved he would still make a night of it.

His feelings were quite overcome,
For all Jinksville's renowned for its morals;
He'd ne'er seen such fair limbs at Jem,
Though he'd heard of the charming Miss Worrells'.
He thought to himself—"My Aunt Ruth
Oft says, and I now know the right of it,
'There aint nothin' like *naked truth*,'
So, durned if I don't make a night of it!"

And as they were changing the scenes,
Came a damsel bewitchingly pretty,
And scarcely perhaps out of her teens,
Who offered to show Jinks the city.
"Wilted," he could not resist her;
And when the house had little light on it,
The amorous rascal, he kissed her;
Oh, wasn't that making a night of it!

But while they were drinking "hot Scotch,"
And our young friend defraying the score,
His Venus slipped out with his watch,
Which cost him two hundred or more.
"Gone!" said the Job-like bartender,
"That watch, you will ne'er get a sight of it;
I lost my own on a bender—
In other words, making a night of it."

To quiet his nerves, Mr. Jinks,
Of brandy discussed a stiff glass or two,
Followed by other mixed drinks,
For he drank at several bars a few.
Alas!—the next morn, sick and pale
From liquor (he'd got very tight on it),
He found himself inside a jail—
And that's how poor Jinks "*made a night of it!*"

THE PRIZE RING AND ITS OPPONENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY DIOGENES.

It is astonishing to witness the complacency with which the readers of the current newspapers receive an implied insult, and wear the thorny crown of abuse as though it were a wreath of blossoms. How often we see these words in large, enticing capitals—"Another Brutal Affair." This being a mere prelude to a column or so of sprightly description, detailed with unction, and as eagerly devoured by the innocent reader, who is actually blinded to the real interest he has taken in the perusal. The insult is harmless, however, being a mere mask, under which a partiality for the sports of pugilism may be pursued without question from our neighbors, who desire to clothe themselves with that false gentility which is as silly and unnatural as a school girl's romanticism. It seems to be conceded, now-a-days, that the requisites of a gentleman are a slick, smooth, personal appearance, and a high degree of ambition the facility of a glib tongue, a faultless execution of the "German," a pair of number eight ladies' kids and snowy hands to fit, as much insipidity as can be crowded in the space of five feet six of carnal vanity, and just enough mind to break a slight expression into his face and prevent him from committing any enormities in the way of etiquette, a contempt for all labor—in short, a self-satisfied belief of a realized angelic state before they are even well used to the flesh. Add to these accomplishments the knowledge of a barber, who can fix his hair to a T, and a tailor who can pad his vestments to perfection, a commission in a militia regiment, and a pew in a fashionable church—which latter are excellent for purposes of display and genteel devotion. There you have the model man of the century.

From these specimens of perfection comes much of the opposition to matters *pugilistique*. I chanced to meet one of these gems the other afternoon, and as he was possessed of a little more common sense than the average, I entered into a conversation with him. He was elegantly got up—silk hat, with gloss as yet untarnished, tight-waisted dress coat with immense pads to the shoulders, giving a very apparent effect, tight fitting trowsers striped with blue in the most horizontal manner imaginable, and with a conglomeration of these same stripes at the side; a hefty shirt front, black silk vest crossed by a tiny gold chain completed the apparition.

"Tommy," said I, "do you ever play ball?" "No, demmit, I don't require any broken fingers." "Play billiards?" "No—demd unprofitable." "Ever drive?" "No—can't say I like the smell of 'osses." "Go to the theatre?" "Well, not often." "What do you do?" "Nothing much."

Tommy was trying hard to become a full blown swell, but it is only a partial success. He has so much good sense that I hope for his reclamation. Though affecting the chief elements, it was like a badly made coat, it didn't fit. The fault of this dandyism is simply this: it is clothed with a fictitious refinement, and its tendency is to sneer down everything that savors of evil or muscular manhood, and an assumption of superiority that is simply a casting off of the character and attributes that God has given man, and an "extreme aversion" to everything relating to the "sweat of our brow." Of themselves these eccentricities are imbecile and harmless, but coupled with the falsities of another school of fashion, in many cases they effect a mischief to the interests of those who follow the dictates of conscience rather too independently to suit the tutorings of any other mentor.

Charles Reade, in his remarks on "Prurient Prudery," was as true as Tell's arrow, and hit the mark equally in the centre. This is also the age of prudery as well as effeminacy, for aside from the swell proper, the very germ of the genus, you may find a tincture of fast living in our time that is unsurpassed by the vices of any other generation in the period of the world. Vice, however, must be refined, and society is fairly saturated with a flood of customs and ideas that Rome never dreamt of in its most luxurious days. Glossed over with a fine show of virtue, and purged with periodical penance, it never pimples on the surface, and so with a fair skin and sweet breath, the deception, the lie, the fraud is sustained.

In these days, sensuality, as practiced, is strictly genteel. That is, wh

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A COUNTESS MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND'S MISTRESS.

The meanest and most cowardly wretch of whom recent criminal records make any mention is Count Chorinsky, who persuaded Julia d'Ebergenyi, both of them members of the *elite* of the old feudal noblesse of Austria and Hungary, to murder his wife, of whom the Count desired to be rid, but whom he was afraid to kill. Julia was tried and convicted lately at Vienna, but the evidence so clearly proved that her craven paramour was chiefly guilty as the instigator of the deed, that her sentence was limited to twenty years' imprisonment. The Countess Chorinsky was formerly an actress, and the passion kindled in the Count by her fascinations seems to have given place after marriage to positive hatred. Julia went about her work with a deliberate fortitude that contrasts strangely with the shivering, but malignant imbecility of her lover, and calmly poisoned the unsuspecting wife, while the husband was trembling with fear of detection. In the the course of the trial it was proved, on the most irrefutable testimony, that Julia d'Ebergenyi, fancying herself *enciente*, solicitous to avoid the scandal that would arise to her aristocratic family from this circumstance, and, above all, urged by her lover's deadly aversion to his wife, had determined upon and executed the dreadful crime laid to her charge. She poured prussic acid into a tea pot, and deliberately poisoned her, and while her wretched victim was, perhaps, stretched on the floor in all the agonies of a violent death, she removed from the Countess' finger her wedding ring, bearing the marriage date, 17th June, 1860. The ring was subsequently found in the possession of the murderess.

This awful tragedy was perpetrated not by an artful, intriguing woman, grown old in iniquity and crime, but by a beautiful, young and gentle girl of twenty-four years of age. She is described in the record of the trial as tall, with large, dark, sparkling eyes, lofty forehead and bold intellectual features, and was dressed on the day of the trial in a robe of black silk, her ornaments being a pair of earrings in the form of a death's head and a heavy necklace of death's head in enamel. During the trial her behavior was at first very self-possessed, as she evidently relied on the efforts which she supposed would be made by her own and her lover's family to avoid scandal and hush up the affair; in fact it came out in the evidence that Count Chorinsky had written to his relatives to use their influence with the Emperor for this purpose, but as proof after proof was successively arrayed against her, and her own and her lover's letters were produced in court, affording written testimony of their mutual guilt, her courage gave way. She alternately asserted her innocence and denied her previous statements, until at length, fairly broken down under the pitiless cross-examination of the public prosecutor, she sobbed forth "It was at the wish of my Gustave."

One of the letters written to the unfortunate girl by the Count, shows the nature of the temptation to which she was exposed. It is as follows:—

"My angelic Julia, my darling wife, eternally faithful, I desire to thank thee a thousand times again for thy dear, dear lines. The time appears to be mortally long, and my anxiety is extreme. I fear that some one may see thee, that thou mayst not be sufficiently adroit, that thou wilt allow thyself to be diverted from thy purpose by a perfidious and vile wretch. I am very uneasy and impatient; I cannot endure the thought that some misfortune may befall thee, or that this vile wretch should be an obstacle to our happiness. Happily thou hast not caught cold. I hope that thou will have the same good fortune on thy return; take the mail train. How frightful is the time in this uncertainty. God be praised, thou has not encountered a single person of thy acquaintance. Take care, on thy return journey, they will examine either thy passport or luggage. Ah, if I could only tell thee how much I love thee! Thy love alone endears life to me. Return quickly, that I may embrace thee with burning tears! Return quickly, or I shall die! That infamous wretch, how canst thou write to me that she has received thee well, that ferocious beast! How canst thou endure to pass a whole afternoon with her? To listen to the low and vulgar lies of that venomous serpent? Canst thou allow thyself to be deceived by that wretch, thou who art to be my wife? I hope not. I continue to pray to God that thou must succeed and that we may soon be united before men, as we are before God. I pray ardently for thee, but I tremble with fear, I can hardly await thy return, I am on burning coals! Throw everything away when thou hast finished, and for God's sake don't be present. Must I wait for thee longer than Saturday or Monday? It would be a prospect too terrible. In thinking of it I am overwhelmed with grief. I can only pray that thou mayst be firm, persevering, prudent and reflecting; that thou wilt allow nothing to turn thee aside from thy purpose; that thou wilt come back as quickly as possible; that thou wilt not show thyself any more in Munich, and will destroy everything which can recall the circumstance of a journey having been undertaken. God guard and protect thee, my darling wife! I think ever of thee! Full of love, impatience and fear, my all, my Julia, my angel!"

POLYGAMY.

WHAT A WOMAN THINKS OF IT.

A feminine convert to the above Brighamy practice writes thus to the Deseret *Evening News* from Salt Lake City:—

The reading of the articles of the *Argus* and *Leader*, with your comments thereon, has inspired me to pen you a few reflections. The *Argus* truthfully says that if the Mormons were vicious their fabric would soon crumble, instead of gaining strength, as we have, in union and virtue. Let me ask, are vicious and corrupt people proverbially industrious, temperate and united? Are we are temperate, not only in the use of spirituous liquors, but temperate also in the use of tobacco, coffee, tea, pork, &c., believing, as we do, that these articles debilitate both body and mind, and tend to abridge man's usefulness by promoting diseases and shortening life. How long will it be before men will understand that saints practice polygamy and monogamy, not to pander to unhallowed desires, but for the purpose of multiplying offspring; which, next to the gospel of salvation, are the greatest, noblest and most precious gifts God can bestow upon man. And why not adopt every honorable and legitimate means of multiplying God's image? If one son or daughter—so much beloved by tender parents, and when death separates them so much lamented and missed—is valued and esteemed as a most precious treasure, would not a man be correspondingly better off if he possessed ten or twenty, or fifty, of such household blessings? Good old Gideon, so much beloved, had seventy sons; Abdon, a Judge of Israel, had forty sons; Jair had thirty sons; Jerubaal had seventy-one sons; and how many daughters these worthy men had born to them the sacred historian fails to tell us. "Abijah waxed mighty," and had twenty-two sons and sixteen daughters. Is there any sane man who believes that, in the sight of God or in the face of reason, it is not as honorable for a man now to be the father of forty children as it was in those earlier times, when it is admitted it revealed His mind with the utmost plainness to His people on the earth? I am satisfied that those who talk and write most against us are ignorant of us and the workings of Mormonism, so termed. If they were to visit us, unprejudiced, they would soon discover that we are not the degenerate and ungovernable people they have been representing us to be. They would find large numbers of bright, intelligent and healthy children growing up, dearly beloved and cherished by their parents, who love, educate and promote the happiness of their offspring, and are bound by the most sacred and holy ties to love and cherish each other. They would find, too, industry and harmony prevailing in our midst. Here public opinion declares the adulterer should suffer death; elsewhere, if we can believe the writers, married and unmarried indulge in practices too wicked and degraded to contemplate; while men, who should be the protectors and guardians of woman's honor and chastity, lure her to ruin and disgrace, and their bad deeds are passed by as a thing of no moment. In defamed and maligned Utah, ladies are respected, virtue prized and and chastity guarded with the strictest care; and trusting, confiding woman is cared for with the tenderest and most delicate regard. I am safe in saying that there is not one in every fifty of the ladies of our Territory who could possibly be induced in the face of all the malignity so unsparingly heaped upon their husbands, fathers and brothers, by pseudo regenerators, to exchange situations with the ladies either east or west. Nay, famine and the sword, through which ordeals many of us have passed, would fail to induce them to do so. All we ask is, let us alone. We are harming no one, and desire to live in peace, undisturbed in pursuing the duties of life, in "minding our own business;" and if others will do the same they will have a steady and profitable employment.

MRS. E. M. MUSSER.

ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE SLEEPING APARTMENT OF MISS OYOUSH KEE SAN.—On Saturday evening last, the celebrated Mikado Japanese Troupe performed in Dart's Hall, before a very large audience, and Miss Oyoush Kee San, aged 16 years, the wonderful female gymnast (the first who ever visited this country), attracted great admiration by her exceedingly graceful movements and manners, and her beautifully developed person. The troupe stopped at the Rodman House, and Miss Oyoush Kee San occupied a sleeping apartment adjoining the one occupied by her father and mother, a door opening between the two. From her room there was also an opening, for light and ventilation, into a hall at the rear of the rooms occupied by her parents and herself. A little before 3 o'clock Sunday morning there was an alarm in the house, and an exciting scene followed, which will be long remembered by those connected with it, or who witnessed it. It seems that some villain had either gained an entrance to Miss Oyeuh Kee San's sleeping apartment, or attempted to do so, through the ventilator spoken of; the young lady is not sure whether he was in the room, or just coming in through the opening spoken of. She started slightly, when he pointed a pistol at her head, making the sound of "hush-sh-sh-sh," but she didn't "hush-sh-sh-sh" a bit; on the contrary, she made so much noise that her father came immediately to her aid, saw a young man retreating through the ventilator, sprang up after him, saw him get down by means of a chair, and run into the room at the south end of the hall, on the west side. The old gentleman then ran out of his room, and around to the door of the room where he saw the young man disappear, but found it fastened. He raised an alarm, and putting his head out of the open window at the end of the hall saw the fellow getting down from the roof of the "ladies' walk." The Japs were soon on hand in force, and armed, determined to burst the door of the room and follow the fellow, and were only prevented by an array of "colts" in the hands of other parties. Mr. Marshall, one of the proprietors of the troupe, was called, but he was unable to appease their wrath. At last the police were called, and, with liberal promises of making the matter all right in the morning and bringing the offender to justice, the enraged Japs were persuaded to return to their rooms. During the melee, Miss Oyoush Kee San dressed and came out into the hall, standing there a short time, but exceedingly interested spectator.—*Rock Island (Ill.) Argus.*

A STRANGE MAN IN A WOMAN'S BEDROOM.—A ruffianly looking young man, apparently a Spaniard giving the name of William Mott, was arrested at the house of Michael Torpy, in Hoboken, N. J., on the night of the 25th ult., under peculiar circumstances. On the following morning Ann Torpy, wife of Michael, appeared before Recorder Pope and made affidavit as follows:—That she resides at the corner of Sixth and Grand streets, Hoboken, and that about nine o'clock on Monday evening two of her children were in bed and a light was left burning at the head of the stairs. A man calling himself William Mott entered the house and deponent thought it was her husband; the man went up stairs, and putting out the light, entered the room in which her children were sleeping; deponent was also in bed with one of her children; the room was dark and felt the man's hand on the head of the child; deponent remarked to the child "This is not your papa's hair;" deponent put her hand on the man's hand and thought it was her brother and said, "Dan, I want no more of your fooling;" the man Mott then threw off all the bedclothes, when deponent slipped out of bed unknown to Mott, ran down stairs and gave an alarm. Owen Lynch came to the aside new of deponent, when Mott ran into a back room and jumped through the window, breaking out the glass and sash. John Conroy and another man arrested Mott. Deponent had never seen the man before, and did not know whether he entered the house to steal or to take liberties with her. The prisoner was committed to the County Jail, to await the action of the Grand Jury. While being taken to jail, the prisoner, who is a powerful and desperate looking man, said that if he wished to escape he could snap off the handcuffs with perfect ease, and had done so when jumping the boundry. He also stated to the officer that he did not know how he came in Torpy's house.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A CURIOUS DIVORCE CASE.—A divorce case came before the Supreme Court of New York, and was heard by Judge Barnard, in Chambers, on May 13, showing the ease with which divorces can be obtained, and the necessity of more protection by law to the unfortunate victims of unprincipled people and law shysters. It appears that a Mr. Smith got a divorce from his wife in the Supreme Court here in December, 1866 on the ground of alleged adultery. Mrs. Smith, with her two children, the offspring of this union, was living at Newport, Ky., at the time, but never heard or knew anything about the proceedings of her husband to obtain a divorce. In fact, it was not till Smith went home to his family in the same month, and just before leaving them, that he told his wife he was divorced from her. Of course, the poor woman was astounded at this announcement, and protested against her husband's conduct; but she failed to obtain from him any information as to where or how he got the divorce. She ultimately found the decree among the records of the Supreme Court of this State. The case, as it came up on Tuesday, was on motion to set aside the decree as fraudulent and void. Smith, it appears, had married again since the divorce was obtained, and had been actually appointed last February to the lucrative position of United States Consul at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. The case is to come up again for decision on the 15th of June.

A SET-TO BETWEEN OUTCHLASS.—Harriet Levy and Elizabeth Moore, inmates of the house, No. 91 James street, indulged in "juniperberry tea" on the 25th ult., and becoming pugilistic, improvised a prize fight on a limited scale, to determine which was the best "man." Harriet finding herself overmatched by her more masculine companion, endured patiently for some time the punishment inflicted by the Moore woman, but finally becoming desperate, became so disregardful of the rules of the P. R., as to pick up a kerosene lamp, with which she struck her opponent a powerful blow upon the sconce, drawing the "claret," and sending her to "grass." The injured woman was picked up in an insensible condition, and in which condition she was taken to the hospital. Harriet was arrested, and will be held to answer the result of injuries.

BROWN DOSE.—Brown, on his first journey per coach, worried the driver, beside whom he sat, with incessant childish questions about everything on the road. At last he got his quietus thus:—*Driver*—There's been a woman lying in that house more than a month, and they haven't buried her yet. *Brown*—Not buried her yet! pray tell me why not? *Driver*—Because she isn't dead.

FLOUNCES IN FASHION.—Flounces are now the rage in Paris. As many as thirty-six are to be put on muslin dresses, and moreover the flounces are to be of Valenciennes. Valenciennes is also fashionable on silks, to the great dismay of husbands and fathers, who have to foot the bills. Bonnets, however, are growing smaller, if possible.

VICTOR EMANUEL recently attended the wedding of one of his illegitimate daughters, who was married at Turin to a nobleman of an ancient Genoese family, to another member of which a beautiful American lady was lately united. This branch of the King's family is said to be numerous, and it is added that he is never indifferent to their claims upon him.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE AND SUICIDE.—Miss Emma Rowe, twenty-one years old, shot herself through the heart, near Schoharie, New York, a few days ago. She was to have been married to Abram Dietz, but he, a few days previous, left the place without giving any explanation to his affianced. She went to Albany, bought a revolver, and used it as above related.

RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM.—A fervid young convert in Minnesota, during a recent revival, feeling great interest in the spiritual future of a friend, whose profession was that of a trapper, made public supplication for him in the words following:—"Lord, there is Mr. L——, who traps for a living. Lord, he traps wild animals to support his family. O Lord! *trap him!*"

ATTENTION TO TEN LADIES.—The Vienna papers report that a young man has succeeded in engaging himself to be married to ten young ladies at about the same time, under various *aliases*. The police have been put on the track of this modern Don Juan, but hitherto without success.

SHOOTING FOR LOVE.—A duel grew out of a love affair at Louisville, recently, in which blank cartridges and red ink figured so successfully that one lover is now flying from justice, supposing himself a murderer, while the other is laughing with the young woman over a most tragic epistle left by the ardent duelist.

A PUGILISTIC PAIR.—A man and his wife, while walking on one of the public streets of Virden, Ill., the other day, became suddenly indignant at each other, and concluded to "fight it out on that line," and, after sundry kicks, blows and scratches they resumed hat and bonnet and went on their way rejoicing.

A PUNCTUAL MATRON.—A lady in Winchendon, Mass., has given birth to three sons, each born on May 16, of different years. We are afraid her husband has been reading "Tristam Shandy."

THE WAY AROUND.—How to get round a lady—either use your arms, feet or a tape measure. The first is most pleasant, the second most convenient, and the third most accurate.

BASE BALL.

ATLANTIC vs. EUREKA.

There was a time, and that, too, not many years ago, when the Eureka Club of Newark ranked among the best organizations of the country; when the announcement that they were to play a game with the Atlantic or any other first class club was sure to draw thousands to witness the meeting. In those days Thomas, Brientnall, Bomeisler, Calloway, Pennington and Littlewood ranked among the crack players of the country. "Things have changed since William Henry deceased," to use a vulgarism, and the once champion club of New Jersey are now but a shadow of their former greatness. Thomas and Brientnall still remain of the old first nine, and Currier's name is familiar, too; but the others have evidently become disgusted with the hackstering now going on among clubs and players, and given up a pastime which is not as it used to was.

It was more to oblige their old friends of the Atlantic Club, who want a little preliminary practice previous to their extended Western trip, than with any idea of winning a ball from them, that the Eureka consented to meet them, at the Union ground on the 28th inst. They were evidently not in trim to contend with so strong a club, and as a consequence were badly defeated. The game gave promise at the commencement of being a pretty fair contest, the score at the end of the fifth innings standing 11 to 6; but in the balance of the game the Atlantics scored 34 by good batting, aided by the loose fielding of the Eurekas, who only made 2. Thomas, who in the absence of Faitoute went in to pitch, stopped several hot balls, and succeeded in putting out five players; Condit disposed of 12, Currier 5, and Hayes the same number. The right and centre fields were the weak spots, and had Calloway and Littlewood been on hand the score would not have shown such a disparity. The Atlantics were a little loose in fielding at times, but their batting, especially in the latter part of the game, was superb. Start made two clean home runs, and all of the nine did good service with the willow. The weather was not very pleasant, a drizzling rain falling most of the time. The attendance was not very numerous, the unwise plan of charging 25 cents admission tending to keep out a great many who would willingly have paid 10 cents. The score follows:—

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	B.	EUREKA.	H.	L.	B.
Pearce, r f	3	0	5	Brientnall, c	3	0	0
Smith, 2d b	3	0	3	Condit, 1st b	4	0	1
Start, 1st b	3	0	5	Currier, 2d b	3	0	1
Mills, c	3	0	6	Pettit, l f	3	0	1
Crane, c f	2	0	6	Thomas, p	2	0	1
Zeitlein, p	3	0	4	Williams, 3d b	3	0	1
Chapman, l f	3	0	4	Hayes, s s	3	0	1
Ferguson, 3d b	3	0	5	Gordon, c f	3	0	2
Start, s s	3	0	6	Dawson, r f	4	0	0
Total	34	0	45	Total	4	0	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	0	2	7	0	2	5	10	4	15—45
Eureka	0	1	4	0	1	2	0	0	7

Fly catches—Atlantic, 10; Eureka, 8. Out on fouls—Atlantic, 1; Eureka, 8. Umpire—Mr. Swandel, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Monk and Adams. Time of game—2 hours 15 minutes.

CINCINNATI vs. BUCKEYE.

The long looked for initial game between these celebrated clubs was played on the 23d ult., on the new Buckeye Club grounds, in Cincinnati. The weather was showery at first, but soon cleared, though the ground was rather slippery. The Buckeyes played all their imported players save Dockney, his place as catcher being rather imperfectly supplied by Leonard. Sweezy and Fisher were in their old positions, and Doyle, lately brought on from Washington, played first base. Another new addition to their nine appeared in Febiger, a fine player, whom they brought from Springfield, Ohio. The Cincinnatis played their full nine for the first time this season, Mr. Brainard having arrived; but as the latter was rusty for want of practice, he was little, if any, improvement on King. The score will show an immense victory for the Red Stockings. The Buckeyes have had little practice together as a nine, and they did not play with the same precision as their opponents. Fisher pitched very swiftly, but seemed to have little control over the ball, and many of the Cincinnatis went to first on called balls. Harry Wright's pitching was admirable, and was certainly as difficult to "collar" as Fish's hot 'uns. Brainard, who is held in reserve as a pitcher, was not called on at all. At first the Buckeyes led, the Cincinnatis scoring but one run, and that by a "sneak" of Howe's, while, on the other hand, the Bucks had three placed to their credit, though they would have been whitewashed had Hatfield handled a poorly thrown ball in time. From this on, however, the Cincinnatis crept steadily ahead, fielding admirably. In the ninth innings the Buckeye nine became demoralized, even Sweezy, Fisher and Doyle becoming wild, and suffered their opponents to add ten to their score, when they were legitimately entitled to no more than a couple. By the next game the Buckeye eyes will be under better discipline, and Dockney will play, so that a different showing may be anticipated. We give the score complete:—

BUCKEYE.	H.	L.	B.	CINCINNATI.	H.	L.	B.
Leonard, c	4	1	1	Storer, c f	6	1	1
W. Wright, c f	5	1	3	Howe, s s	4	1	6
Sweezy, 3d b	1	3	1	Hatfield, c	4	3	1
Febiger, c f	4	1	1	Johnson, l f	5	3	4
Brookshaw, s s	1	2	1	Waterman, 3d b	2	3	5
Fisher, p	3	0	1	H. Wright, p	3	2	1
Barnes, 2d b	2	1	0	Gould, 1st b	6	1	1
Jones, 3d b	3	0	0	Grant, r f	4	2	1
Meagher, l f	4	1	1	Brainard, 3d b	7	0	3
Total	10			Total	38		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	H.	L.
Buckeye	1	2	3	0	3	5	0	2	10	28	
Cincinnati	0	1	3	0	3	1	0	2	10		10

Left on bases—Cincinnati—Brainard, 3; Wright, 2—5. Buckeye—Brookshaw, 2; Doyle, 2; Jones, 2; Sweezey, 1; Leonard, 1—8. Bases on errors—Cincinnati—on missed flies, 3; muffed ground balls, 10; wild throws, 6; three strikes, 1; called balls, 27. Buckeye—on missed flies, 4; muffed ground balls, 3; wild throws, 2; called balls, 3—12. Fly catches—Cincinnati—Waterman, 2; Wright, 2; Grant, 2; Brainard, 1—6. Buckeye—Jones, 3; Febiger, 2; Doyle, 1; Brookshaw, 1; Fisher, 1; Meagher, 1—8. Foul catches—Cincinnati—Hatfield, 8. Buckeye—Leonard, 2; Fisher, 1; Doyle, 1—4. Catches on strikes—Leonard, 1. Double plays—Cincinnati—Wright and Gould, 1. Buckeye—Jones and Doyle, 1. Errors in play—Cincinnati—flies missed, 4; foul bounds missed, 1; muffed ground balls, 4; wild throws, 4; three strikes missed, 1; muffed ground balls, 10; wild throws, 14—28. Passed balls—Buckeye, 14; Cincinnati, 6. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes. Umpire—George H. Bell, of Riverside Club, Portsmouth, Ohio. Scorers—Messrs. Sherwood and Worthington.

ATLANTIC vs. OSCEOLA.

The season was formally opened at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 23d ult. On that day the Atlantic and Osceola clubs had a tussle, of which the following is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	B.	OSCEOLA.	H.	L.	B.
Drummond, 1st b	3	0	3	Stevens, 1st b	3	0	0
McCandless, 2d b	1	0	5	Kober, 2d b	3	0	0
Boose, 3d b	4	0	3	Metzger, 3d b	2	0	2
Hay, p	4	0	5	Davis, p	3	0	1
Stopple, s s	3	0	4	Fulton, s s	4	0	1
Palmer, r f	1	0	5	Brosey, r f	3	0	1
Fox, c	2	0	5	Shannon, c f	3	0	1
Moore, l f	2	0	5	Glover, l f	3	0	0
Page, c	1	0	7	Riely, c	3	0	1
Total	25	0	47	Total	30	0	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	1	0	6	12	3	4	1	0	0—27
Osceola	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	4

Left on bases—Atlantic, 2; Osceola, 2. Foul bound catches—Page, 6; Riely, 3. Fly catches—Shannon, 1; Metzger, 1; Glover, 1. Put out on bases—By Drummond, 6; Page, 2. Put out—By Stevens, 1. Umpire—David Brosey, of the Allegheny Club, of Allegheny City. Scorers—Cal. Rayburn and H. McKelvy. Time of game—Four hours.

A JUNIOR GAME.

On the morning of the 23d ult., the Buckeye, Jr., of Cincinnati, O., played the Copees, of Covington, Ky. The latter, who consider themselves the champion juniors of the west, were recently defeated by the Cincinnatis by a score of 14 to 30. They had a crushing victory over the Buckeyes, as will be seen by the subjoined score:—

COPEE, JR.	H.	P.	B.	BUCKEYE, JR.	H.	P.	B.
Taylor, c	2	5	3	Garoutte, c	4	0	0
Grant, 3d b	3	0	0	McBrair, p	3	1	1
Bromore, p	3	0	1	Moore, 1st b	3	1	0
Scott, s s	3	0	1	Logan, 2d b	3	1	0
Barnes, 3d b	3	0	1	Dockman, l f	3	3	5
Reid, c	4	4	2	Taylor, s s	3	0	0
Graham, l f	1	0	1	Shaw, 3d b	3	0	0
Wade, r f	3	4	1	Eggleston, r f	3	1	0
Bean, 1st b	3	4	1	Smith, c f	3	1	0
Total's	27	21		Totals	30	7	6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Copee	0	2	3	0	0	0	1	7	—13
Buckeye	4	1	1	1	3	1	6	1	—17

Three base hits—Copees: Bromore, 2; Barnes, 1. Fly catches—Copees—Taylor, 2; Bromore, 2; Reid, 2; Scott, 2; Barnes, 2; Buckeyes—Garoutte, 4; Ulmer, 1; Dockman, 2; Shaw, 2; Smith, 2; Eggleston, 1. Foul caught—Copees—Barnes, 1; Buckeyes—Garoutte, 1. Left on bases—Copees—Barnes, 1; Buckeyes—Garoutte, 1. Logan, 1; Dockman, 1; Taylor, 1; Eggleston 2; Smith, 2. Umpire—J. S. Dickman, 1; Taylor, 1; Eggleston 2; Smith, 2. Umpire—J. S. Smiley. Scorers—J. S. Shiffito, Buckeyes; A. H. Jamesion, Copees.

THE NIAGARA TOURNAMENT.—A new class, to accommodate junior clubs, has been formed by the managers of the tournament. The prizes will consist of a revolving black walnut stereoscope, one pair of Deacon's stalactites, and one of Wright's base ball telegraphs. Several individual prizes are also offered.

A MAN MADEN ARCHITECT.—An ingenious lunatic in San Francisco lately invented a self-propelling vessel. It was a combination of three boats, fitted to other tandem, and the theory was that as the leading and hindmost boats each descended a wave their impetus would draw and push forward the middle one out of the trough; the latter, in turn, pushing its leader up the next wave, and so on. At a cost of $1,600 or $2,000 a working model was constructed of this odd variation of the old idea of a man lifting himself in a basket, and an experimental trip was undertaken. The thing was turned loose, with the inventor and two or three coaxing companions on board. It drifted down the harbor with the tide, and met the waves outside which were to demonstrate the success of the invention. Five minutes had sufficed to show the party the utter absurdity of the plan; five minutes more placed the establishment keel upward, and the adventurers contrived to get into a small boat, and were returned to the city, sadder, wetter and somewhat wiser than when they started. A tug offered to take the self-propeller back to port for $500, but the inventor had fooled too much money away on it already, and declined the offer. At last accounts the queer establishment was drifting Sandwich Islandward, and we shall next hear of it, probably, doing duty in the exciting narrative of some shipmaster, as the latest and most indisputable specimen of the sea serpent.

EMPIRE vs. COMMERCIAL.

At St. Louis, on the 21st ult., the Empire and Commercial Clubs played a game, which ended as follows:—

EMPIRE.	H.	L.	B.	COMMERCIAL.	H.	L.	B.
Worth, 1st b	3	5		Bonzo, p	3	3	
Finlo, p	3	3		Cashen, r f	3	3	
Shockley, c	3	3		Pegram, 2d b	3	3	
Johnson, l f	3	3		McCann, c	3	2	
Barron, s s	3	2		Flanigan, l f	4	1	
Brown, 2d b	3	4		Spalding, 3d b	3	3	
Kennedy, c f	3	4		Pearson, 1st b	3	1	
Hazelton, r f	3	3		Casey, s f	3	0	
Armstrong, 3d b	5	1		Dillon, s s	5	0	
Total	26			Total	33		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Empire	4	4	2	0	5	1	1	1	1—26
Commercial	0	1	2	0	1	0	3	0	6—13

Umpire—Mr. Wright, of the Defiance Club. Scorers—Messrs. Batlerge and Duggan. Time of game—2:30.

MUTUAL vs. MOHAWK.

On the 27th ult., at the Union Grounds, Williamsburgh, L. I., the crack club of New York made their first appearance in a match game, its opponents being the Mohawk Club, of South Brooklyn, an organization of some of the best playing material in the City of Churches. The game was short, sharp and decisive, as the annexed score will show. Last season, with Peters pitching, the Mohawks scored one run in nine innings, while the Mutuals made 17. In this game, with the best slow pitcher in the country to contend against, they did but little better—making 6 to 20. One or two misplays in the second innings gave them four runs, when they were only entitled to one. The principal interest in the game was created by the appearance of Galvin, Flasly, Swandel and Willis, formerly of the Atlantic, Excelsior, Eckford and Empire. Fifteen hands were disposed of on fouls and six on fair flies, leaving but six outs on bases. The Mohawks possess good players in Forker, Tracy, Samuels and Davey, and when their nine is further strengthened by the addition of Mc. Cree and O'Brien they will have a nine hard to beat. The score is as follows:—

MOHAWK.	H.	L.	B.	MUTUAL.	H.	L.	B.
Tracy, 2d b	4	1		Pike, l f	4	3	
Kelly, c f	3	1		Galvin, c f	6	1	
Davenport, p	3	0		Martin, p	3	5	
Forker, 1st b	3	0		Jewett, 1	1	5	
Miles, 3d b	3	0		Swandel, 3d b	3	3	
Lennon, c	3	1		Flanley, 2d b	4	3	
"Davy," r f	3	1		Bearman, 1st b	3	3	
Wiggins, l f	3	0		Willis, r f	4	3	
"Samuels," s s	2	1		Devyr, s s	6	3	
Total	5			Total	39		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mohawk	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	6—5
Mutual	2	0	2	3	3	5	1	4	20

Fly catches—Mohawk, 10; Mutual, 14. Out on fouls—Mohawk, 15; Mutual, 2. Home runs—Willis, 1. Passed balls—Lennon, 15; Jewett, 0. Umpire—Mr. Kline, of the East New York Club. Scorers—Darrell and Evans. Time of game—2 hours and 35 minutes.

THESPIANS WIELD THE BAT.

The opening theatrical game of the season was played upon the grounds at Mount Morris Square, on Tuesday, 26th ult., between nines composed of wearers of the sock and buskin—spruce-looking juveniles, heavy villains, "comik actors," gouty old men, gentlemen of utility and bold supers—selected from Wallack's, Pike's, the Olympic and other temples of the drama in the metropolis, Messrs. Daly and Howland, of the Olympic, leading the opposing forces. The players exhibited considerable improvement in the style of play over that shown last season, and if they continue to improve they will be able to give some of our older clubs a hard rub ere the year closes. We append the score:—

HOWLAND'S SIDE.	H.	L.	B.	DALY'S SIDE.	H.	L.	B.
P. Vanderwecken, 1st b	3	2		Daly, c	4	1	
Howland, 3d b	3	3		Sylvester, 3d b	3	2	
Decker, 2d b	2	4		Rockwood, l f	5	2	
Young, l f	2	4		Clark, 2d b	2	4	
Vanderwecken, c	3	3		Sutton, p	2	5	
Whyte, r f	3	4		Quinlan, 2d b	3	5	
Sanders, s s	3	1		Hicks, 1st b	6	1	
Wallace, r f	5	0		Crosby, c f	1	5	
Neville, p	1	4		Young, r	3	4	
Total	23			Total	38		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Howlands Side	3	3	1	1	3	3	4	4—23
Daly's 1st	1	1	4	2	1	1	1	7—38

Umpire—C. A. Marsh, Harlem B. B. C. Scorer—E. Milton.

THE HAYMAKERS CAPTURE THE TROJANS.

The famous Union Club, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., paid a visit to Troy one day last week, and played an opening game with the Trojans, of that place, at the Rensselaer Park grounds, the attendance being quite large, although the latter club is comparatively unknown to fame. The game was very one-sided, victory ultimately perching upon the standard of the Unions by twenty-nine runs. Hua, the new pitcher of the Haymakers, proved himself an excellent acquisition to the club, and his strength will be much increased by practice. Davis, at first base, played finely, and his presence is certainly an improvement. The nine, as now organized, is stronger and more reliable than ever, and they are confident of adding to their excellent record ere the season closes. They are very much disappointed because the Atlantics will not stop and play with them, while on their approaching tour, which they look upon as very suggestive, to say the least, considering that they are to stop at Albany, nine miles distant, and play a second-class club. Below is the score:—

UNION.	H.	L.	B.	TROJANS.	H.	L.	B.
Craver, c	2	5		Hunt, p	3	3	
Ward, 2d b	2	4		Purcell, c	3	1	
Davis, 1st b	4	3		M. Hayes, 1st b	3	1	
McAtee, s s	3	3		Murray, 2d b	2	2	
S. King, l f	3	3		Lillie, s s	3	2	
Flynn, r f	4	4		P. Hayes, 3d b	4	1	
M. King, c f	1	7		Delany, l f	4	0	
Penfield, 3d b	3	4		Ryan, c f	1	1	
Rua, p	3	4		Miller, r f	4	0	
Total	30			Total	33		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	0	5	0	4	3	1	3	12	11—39
Trojans	0	0	7	1	0	0	1	0	1—10

ACTIVE vs. PIONEER.

The Active Club of Indianapolis is doing a rushing business this season. Their last victory

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

James Taylor,
Harry Disbrow,
John J. Rung (5),
T. W. Seaman,
Billy Frear,
Lew Gaylord,
M. B. Leavitt,
L. M. W. Steere,
Dan Russell,
Nick Grist,
Edmund Coler,
Elem Quick (2),
Edward Holloway,
Henry St. Leon,
Picolo Player,
Sam. L. Knapp,
M. L. Townsend,
Agent Tom Thumb,
Prof. McAllister,
F. Carpenier,
Lemuel Munson,
Gus Pennoyer,
Joe Mack,
Lewis Baker,
Philip Henderson,
Wm. E. Bates,
Billy Hammond,
Julian Breban,
L. C. Welles,
H. A. Wentsworth,
Geo. W. Murray,
J. H. Dolan,
John M. Sherry,
Claude De Haven,
Frank Bowles,
Dan C. Johnson,
J. Tannenbaum,
Joseph Jefferson,
J. A. Herne,
Mack,
Laura Keene,
Fanny Pierson,
Olive Logan,
Leo Hudson,
Carrie Weston,
Nellie Edwards,
Kate Fisher,
May Arlington,
Smith & Russell,
C. B. Reynolds (3),
Geo. A. Florance,
Wm. Armstrong (2),
Orton Bros.,
F. C. Moore,
Robert Duncan,
C. E. Richardson (2),
R. B. Richards,
Ben Magginley,
J. K. Vernon,
Harry Wilcox,
J. C. Stockbridge,
J. C. Hunter,
Flem Adams,
N. D. Roberts,
Ned Kendall,
J. A. Whetiony,
Hemmings & Co.,
W. F. Kendall,
J. J. Knowles,
D. G. Waldron,
Charley M. Stewart,
Prestidigitation,
Frank B. Culley,
W. H. Post,
Harry French,
Gus Straub,
W. J. Welch,
Gus Mortimer,
John Howard,
N. C. Forrester,
Harry Talbott,
Charles Parker,
Adolph Gonzales,
Wm. Linyard,
Frank H. Prescott,
Pete Connolly,
Wm. Osgood,
Frank Kritts,
Henrietta DeVinton,
Alice Kingsbury,
Lizzie Sherman,
Fanny Morgan Phelps
Mary L. Berrell,
Kitty Lee,
Emilie Boswell,
Adelaide Nixon Dc.,
Robert B. Buck,
O. B. Collins,
Dick Thompson,
D. H. Stubblebine (2)
B. C. Chase,
A. Vivian,
James E. Cooper,
Fred Lawrence,
Frank Montford,
James E. Murdoch,
Master Arthur,
William Arlington,
W. J. Metchear (2),
J. H. Myers,
Wm. Osgood,
Chas. Fowler,
Henry Lindley,
Chas. Milson,
Richard Thompson,
Billy Noble,
C. T. Ames,
Chas. Kidder,
Johnny Carroll,
L. Maya,
W. H. Hudson,
Boyd Dice,
Edward Dazzell,
W. H. Pierce,
Anton Fuchs,
Wm. M. Simpson,
Chas. Wheaton,
Edwin Booth,
Billy McCracken,
Gus Rosston,
Walter Donaldson,
Chas. Shay,
G. H. Twombly,
C. W. Noyes,
Stetson and Sexton,
Alice Gilmore,
Lotta,
Miss Bovie,
Fannie May,
Lucy Cutler,
Annie Brown,
Jennie Carroll,
Mary E. Jackson.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, June 1, 1868.

WITH A CLEAN, polished gold pen, dipped in the ink of geniality, and guided by the hand of "yours truly," we sit us in our sanctum this morning, "about the beginning of June," and turn over in our mind such subjects as we imagine will tend to entertain and amuse, and, *perhaps*, instruct you. According to "Thompson's Seasons," we are just entering the summer term' jumping, as it were, from "winter lingering in the lap of spring," into the arms of the season of flowers, and fruits and juicy clams of the hard shell persuasion. Yes, dear brethren, having just returned from our mission in behalf of fistic wanderers and juvenile orphans—having been unsuccessful in our efforts to induce the Chicago Convention to pin their future faith on Andy Johnson and his ninth-hour Republican turn-overs, we sit us here in our little room "on the second floor, back," far away from the busy world, whose distant hum soothes us to adolescent quietude, and the volatile pungency of odors wafted by gentle zephyrs from the tarry streets around and about us ostracises us from the realms of the dreamy Morpheus, and stimulates us to our duty of calmly and quietly compounding those rhetorical spasms and poetic beauties which never fail to enlist your attention and enchain your interest. [Can you make it all out?—ED.] Shall we tell you of the fight that didn't come to pass? No—our reporter will give you all the ins and outs of that curious affair. Neither shall we take part in the great political schemes that are now agitating the nation. No! we know of no conventions but base ball conventions—no offices save box offices—and our knowledge of the mysteries of wire-pulling extends no further than that connected with the prompter's bell. Our "ticket" is the ticket of admission to the theatre, and our "platform" the stage; we recognize no "Ring" but the Prize Ring and the wedding ring—no polls but balance poles. Scribes may rail at the theatre and the drama, and the Pharisee see nothing to admire in motley, but the drama still lives, and increases in strength, until every town has its theatre, and every village its histrionic amusements. And it's *so* enjoyable to sit with the girl of your choice in the front row of the dress circle, and—[Poetry can only describe it.—ED.]

SEEING THE PLAY.

There is not in the wide world a refuge so sweet
As the play house where gay ones in sleek costume meet,
With the odor of musk and patchouli around,
And the air rendered vocal with ravishing sound.

A fair lass should be there to sit by one's side,
Plump and pretty enough to stand trial for a bride,
With a waist just the thing for a beau's arm to span,
And eyes that speak volumes from under a fan!

Though the cold world should frown, and one's own friends should quiz,
One can smile when he's crowned with such exquisite bliss,
Or even, to mortify those who object,
Thang up and squeeze up the girl you select.

When the drama is o'er, while of wedlock you dream,
Then how pleasant at some place to take an ice cream,
Or with nectar that raises one's soul to the skies,
To drink to the girl with the soft, teh tale eyes.

.....But how those flights of fancy and flowers of rhetoric are knocked into smithereens by the abrupt entrance into our sanctum of licensed nuisance yeu dub "devil"—a genus known as the apple woman, who offers us the "blessing of Heaven" and two for five cents. Next appears the parlor match boy, who imagines we have a parlor. Scarcely has the youthful match maker gone out with his matches, ere the irrepressible bootblack boy slings himself in, with a "black 'em?" But the worst of all these itinerant people is the peripatetic joker, he who imagines that we have nothing to do but listen to his broad-guage puns, and concede to him the palm of superiority. Says he to us—"Our conditions are a much abused class of men, though I know them to be undeserving of such unfair treatment." "How so?" we asked. "Because," said he, "you will admit that the [illegible] struggles of our science, he continued. "And yet, if a conductor is an actor, the driver of an omnibus must be a star manager." We're overran by persons calling upon us to tell us the latest news. One rushed breathlessly into the presence to inform us, in a stage whisper, that Moss, up at Wallack's, had just taken a gig in the "Lottery of Life," while we had been under the impression that he had taken a Brougham. The same unfeeling creature assures us that the Dramatic Association had determined not to give another (?) carnival, as they didn't think it a Fair thing. But we'll tell you all about it in verse:—

MATTERS AND THINGS.

What with the rumors we hear every day
Of changes in the style of things theatric,
And matters with which we must be *au fait*,
Our mind's grown to be a thing almost erratic;
Or if we but listen to one half they say
That happens daily in society dramatic,
These "interesting items," as they style 'em,
Would drive us to a lunatic asylum.

We're completely bewildered with the news we hear—
We really can't tell, by the rumors so rife,
Whether John Brougham ended the "Managers'" career,
Or Evarts plays Jerry in the "Lottery of Life;"
Or whether Pike's "Lost," as many folks fear,
Or that a Fox hunt is the Olympic's strife;
Or, since Madame Rumor for some new thing begs,
—By saying that Wheatley 'll play "On His Last Legs."

But enough of this. Let us get at something more congenial..... ,,Concerning theatrical interpolations there is matter for reflection in the following:

The other evening we were present at a performance of "Richard III," one scene of which—that in which the heart-broken King Henry delivers himself of his sorrows before Tressel, was made to go off, as follows:

HENRY.—(*looking dismal.*)—E'en such a man, so woe-begone, so dead in look.

(Who's that old guy, with creaking boots? Dead-head, I bet!)

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night—
(There's a beauty behind the drapery, Tom!)
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd—
(*Military band in street playing Old John Brown*)—
But Priam found the fire ere his tongue—
(*Fire bells strike up—Rush of men and engines.*)—
And my poor son's death ere thou recal'st it.
(*Child yells furiously in front seat.*)

PROMPTER.—(*Audible in the Lobby*)—"Ere thou relat'st it"

TRESSEL.—(*In deep despondency*)—Your Queen yet lives, and many of your friends,

PROMPTER.—"But for my lord—

TRESSEL.—But for my lord, your son—

FRUIT VENDER, in parquet.—Oranges, pea-nuts, apples.

HENRY (*sobbing through fingers, sepulchrally*).—Tom, I'm stuck again. What is it?

TRESSEL.—In this last battle near Tewksbury,
(*Orchestra go under stage for their beer.*)
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire—

BOUQUET GIRL.—Bouquets, gentlemen—only fifty cents.

TRESSEL.—E'en to the dullest peasant in our camp—

BOY IN BOX.—Cartes de visite' photographs!

TRESSEL.—Hum! hum!—in our—a—camp—

PROMPTER (*hints*).—Stu—

TRESSEL.—Still made his way (er—r! there goes a rip in my tights)—where danger stood to oppose him.

(*Sounds of a rough-and-tumble fight in gallery. The Agitists, police and crowd all go stamping and rolling down stairs together.*)

TRESSEL (*aside*).—Go in lemons'—to oppose him—

TWO LATE ARRIVALS (*wrangling*).—I tell you, it's my seat—I say it's mine—here, usher—look here, usher!—

BOY IN GALLERY.—Put 'em out!

TRESSEL (*aside*).—Gad! they've put me out!

PROMPTER.—A brave youth—

TRESSEL.—Oh!—A brave youth, of more courageous heat—

GENT (*explaining to gent*).—You see, Richard wants to get rid of Henry—no, that's not it—Richard resolves to—no, that's not it, either—

TRESSEL.—Now spurred his trampset to the courser's sound.
But who can rule the—rule the—
(*Aside*) Help, Cassius, or I sink!

HENRY.—(*Aside*)—Oug it, gag it! Audience won't know the dif!

MANAGER (*entering, all smiles and white kids*)—Ladies and gentlemen, owing to circumstances impossible to avoid (cries of "off, off" and tumult)—regret to say Mr. B—m—n—m—(*yells and shouts*)—suid'nly indisposed—doctor's certificate—portion dangerous—(*groans and cheers*) Mr. Groeffin will therefore read the part—throw ourselves upon kind indulgence (*yells and hooting—manager retires, bowing, with hand on heart and looking frightened. The dialogue proceeds.*)

.....Immediately after the Chinese embassy had returned to their hotel after their visit to Niblo's Theatre, little Ah-Tug, who seems to act as secretary and fugleman to the party, and who was so tremendously tackled by all he saw that he several times shook himself out of his wooden shoes with applauding, put on his spectacles, and, blinking a few minutes at a quire of writing paper, produced the following:—

Heartee, why so pitty-patty
In my breastee shakee you?
China girl be muchee flattee
Side of nymphs much fear that do.
John his friends at home shall writee,
"Melican no good" no more,
Foot so nimble, eye so brightee,
Never in China see before.
All do while I hear gong sounding,
Same as China, all as one,
Firecrackee keep resounding,
Songs and tings make heap of fun.
Shootee heads, my Christian teacher,
And forgive the wrongs we do,
Melican barbarian" no more you!

Hmaster, I give big prices
If your maiden come with me,
Drink the souchong, eat the lice,*
And be Mrs. Ah-Tug.

[*The Chinese are confirmed epicures of "mice."]

.....The man who gets up the "fill of the play" frequently finds his self in a sweat regarding the proper spelling of a word, and when such is the case, he is always sure to select the wrong way, leaving the poor printer to make it right or bear the blame. Herewith, we present a few rhymes, showing how a man may be led astray by misspelling, probably:—

To her night I saw Teresa,
"Sor Teresa," I should say;
Saw Ristori in her glory,
As the heroine of the play.
But as homeward thence I wandered,
Sadly to myself I pondered—
Never struck it me before—
Why was poor Teresa "sore?"
Had she met some jealous rival
During our late stage revival,
Lacerating thus her feelings,
Till her play was deemed a bore
Was it thus and nothing more,
Made our poor Teresa "sore?"
Or had some wrong headed critic,
In a fit of spleen neophitic,
Giv'n *Ju-lia* fits for her performance,
Till with rage he made her "roar?"
What was it made Teresa "sore?"
Doubtless some unlettered fellow,
Hardly knowing how to spell—
Making bill out for the printers,
Dropped an "a" and spoiled the score,
And by reason of his blunder,
Made our poor Teresa "sorn."

OUR MINSTREL HALLS.—There are at present three Ethiopian minstrel bands in this city, viz.: Bryants', Kelly and Leon's, and the San Francisco. The former, although the oldest in name, is the latest organized. Bryants' Minstrels is a name as popular with the lovers of minstrelsy in the present day as were the Christy's twenty years ago. For several years they held undisputed sway in this city, but losing their grip with the advent of the San Francisco, they retired from the field, and now, after a retirement of three years from the Ethiopian drama, Dan Bryant is with us once more, having had built expressly for him one of the best adapted halls for the business in this country. It has been fitted up in a handsome manner, and everything done to study the comfort of his patrons. He has also collected together one of the best organized bands in this country, numbering in all seventeen performers, including thirteen in the first part. Kelly and Leon's Minstrels came to this city, and having secured Hope Chapel—a place that had swamped nearly every manager that had previously occupied it—fixed it up in good style, and opened October 1st, 1865, where they have continued up to the present time. There are seventeen performers in the first part besides the pianist. Several of these are the choristers used in the burlesque of the "Grand Dutch S," and putting them on in the first part not only fills up the stage and makes a good appearance, but they render good service in the choruses. The San Franciscos gave their first performance in this city May 8th, 1865, and up to the present time have won for themselves a wide reputation. At present there are ten performers in the first part and a pianist, the whole company numbering fifteen people. As no single performer in any branch of the profession can excel in everything, so it is with the three minstrel bands. Where one excels the other in one particular thing, it fails in another. If the Bryants excel in their instrumental music, and the San Francisco in their ballad singing, Kelly and Leon's certainly are unsurpassed for the manner in which they produce their burlesque operas. The palm for superiority in the funny business on the end, lies between Dan Bryant, Billy Birch and Unsworth. They are all first-class "enders," and as such have been recognized for some time. If we should be asked who is the most original, we could not answer, for of late original or fresh jokes are something that have been entirely lost sight of in a minstrel hall. They are the same old jokes that we have heard from one week's end to another. Just so it is with nearly every gag heard at our minstrel halls. You go this week, and you will hear the same ones you heard a month ago. Occasionally an end man will get hold of one new gag, but all the rest are "Old Times Rocks." It is not alone with the end men that something fresh is wanted, for we find in the olio the same acts that have been played for the past three years, in some instances slightly altering the title of the act, but the business is just the same. It is singular that performers cannot produce something new. There are those who make a business of furnishing performers with fresh negro acts, new songs and gags, and at a reasonable price, too, we are told, but they meet with little or no encouragement from the profession. That the public appreciate this style of entertainment is proved by the presence of the numerous, refined and aristocratic audiences that nightly throng the several places where such entertainments are given. For over three months the hall of Kelly & Leon has been crowded, and on several occasions hundreds have been turned away unable to obtain standing room. This is in a great measure owing to the handsome manner in which the burlesque of the "Grand Dutch S," has been produced. The scenic part has so far attended the efforts of Bryants' Minstrels has never been excelled by any band in this country. On their opening night over one thousand people were turned away long before the performance commenced, and each evening during the week the hall was densely crowded, the receipts for the first six performances amounting to $4,296.25, the largest week's business ever before done by a minstrel band. Persons go to a minstrel hall simply to have a laugh, overlooking or not desiring any other end. If some of our managers would give us simple, touching melodies, more real negro minstrelsy instead of so much nonsensical tomfoolery, it would engender a more healthful tone and prove more attractive and beneficial in the end.

THE STADT THEATRE, in the Bowery, will shortly open with a dramatic company for the production of sensational dramas. E. Eddy and Sam Ryan are interested in the success of the undertaking.

MAY ARLINGTON is at present in New York, and not at the Olympic, Detroit, as advertised.

HOGAN AND HUGHES, clog and song and dance performers, give notice in an advertisement elsewhere that they are prepared to teach the above art to any one who may be desirous of doing so. Their address is care of Bryants' Minstrels.

THE LATEST REPORT of the Equity cases argued before the Master of the Rolls and the Vice-Chancellors, is the case of Walker vs. Brewster, argued Nov. 7, 1867. "The collection of a crowd of noisy and disorderly people, to the annoyance of the neighborhood, outside grounds on which entertainments of music and fireworks are being given for profit, is a nuisance for which the giver of the entertainments is liable to an injunction, even though he has excluded all improper characters from the grounds, and the amusements within the grounds have been conducted in an orderly way, to the satisfaction of the police." "That letting off rockets and establishing a powerful band of music, which plays twice a week for several hours continuously, within one hundred yards of a dwelling house, are nuisances which this court will restrain."

WILLIAM LINGARD, the London comic, closed a most brilliant eight weeks' engagement at the Theatre Comique on May 30th. On the 29th he took a farewell benefit, when the largest audience but one ever seen in that building testified in hearty applause the great popularity of this performer. He came among us a stranger, and opened at the Comique, where business had not been good for some time, but his style being fresh and original it took at once, and for eight weeks he has succeeded in attracting crowded audiences every night, and on many occasions standing room could not be obtained half an hour before performance commenced. On the occasion of his benefit he was the recipient of a magnificent silk dress for his change of "On the Beach at Long Branch," a valuable lace handkerchief, diamond ring and several boquets. After a brief tour through the country he—

WILLIAM WHEATLEY will take his farewell of the stage at Niblo's Garden on July 11th, which is the last night of his management of that establishment. Rumor says that he thinks favorably of making his exit in "Hamlet."

"TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE," and the successful burlesque of "Paris and Helen," continue to be the programme offered at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre. Business continues very good. The burlesque of the "Grand Duchess" is in active preparation and will shortly be produced.

ON MONDAY NEXT a rejuvenation of "Humpty Dumpty" takes place at the Olympic Theatre. Several new and handsome scenes will be presented, also new tricks and transformations. The *corps de ballet* will appear in new dresses, and a new drop curtain will be exhibited for the first time. Business continues first rate, and "Humpty Dumpty" bids fair to enjoy a continued run.

SEVERAL CHANGES are being made in the cast of the "White Fawn," which is now in the last week (but five) of its representation, at Niblo's Garden. Lillie Eldridge has been playing the *role* of Prince Loander—originally performed by Lucy Egerton—for the past two weeks, and has been most favorably received. She not only looks the character, but acts and sings to the evident satisfaction of all. She shows signs of improvement with every new character she assumes, and is fast becoming a favorite with the public. She is quite young yet, and bids fair to become a capital little commedienne. Mena Montague, who has played the *role* of Princess Alika since the first night, will withdraw, and gives place, this evening, to Belle Land, who will play the part the balance of the season. Mary Wells retired from this theatre with the close of the past week, and the *role* of Queen Saffronilla will be played by Mrs. Mark Smith. La Petite Schlager retired on May 23d. De Rosa continues in favor with the audience, also Marie Westmael, both of whom are clever representatives of the art terpsichore.

HISTORY repeats itself on the summer of the 27th inst.

"A FLASH OF LIGHTNING" is the title of Aug. Daly's new drama to be produced at the Broadway Theatre on the 8th inst., which is the commencement of the summer season under Mr. Daly's management.

HENRY PLACIDE, the veteran actor, is said to have become totally blind.

THE LAST WEEK BUT TWO of the present season of Kelly and Leon's Minstrels is announced; also the last production of Leon's burlesque of the "Grand Dutch S," which has been attracting large audiences the past three months. The last week of the season will be most attractive, as it introduces Edwin Kelly, who has been absent from the boards since the 10th of December. Mr. Kelly has a host of friends, who will no doubt turn out in large numbers to welcome him back once more. Leon's new burlesque of "La Bell—L. N." will also be produced on this occasion, with Mr. Kelly as Paris, and Leon as Helen.

CROWDED AUDIENCES greeted the Bryant's Minstrels every evening the past week, and on several occasions large numbers of ladies had to leave, unable to obtain a seat. Since the opening night several improvements have been made in the ventilation of the house, and the auditorium on the warmest night last week was quite comfortable. In addition to the six large windows on the north side of the hall, a lattice work has been made over the inner entrance door, which brings in a current of air, making the dress circle comfortable on the most crowded occasion. There was a slight change in the programme from the opening week, but everything was well received, and the principal songs and acts *encored*. A burlesque on Offenbach's comic opera is in active preparation, and will shortly be produced with an augmented chorus; also a burlesque on Lingard's character songs. Eugene is also hard at work preparing one of his burlesque operas, produced by him with so much success in England, and which will be given with the original music.

JOHN BROUGHAM commences a summer season at Wallack's Theatre on the 8th inst. The "Lottery of Life," will be produced, and Effie Germon is in the cast.

THE "WHITE COCKADE" having proved a failure at Wallack's is withdrawn this week for the production of standard comedies. The present week is also the last of the season.

J. C. WILLIAMSON, one of the most promising young eccentric actors on the New York stage, is engaged for the Broadway Theatre next season.

EDWIN BOOTH opens his theatre early in December. Fanny Morant, who is engaged, plays three months with Selwyn in Boston and appears here on the opening of Booth's Theatre. The "Winter's Tale" and "Romeo and Juliet" are in careful preparation and one of them will be given for the opening. Mary McVicker will appear as Juliet to Booth's Romeo.

"JACK SHEPPARD" has been made the subject of a burlesque by John F. Poole and is to be produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening under the title of "John Sheppard and Joseph Blueskin." Tony Pastor appears as Blueskin and Rizzo as the fat boy, Thames Darrell. The burlesque will contain much of the music from the "Grand Duchess," and the song of the Sabre has been well travestied in a truly humorous style. Billy Emerson and Johnny Allen, who have been so favorably received the past two weeks in their specialties of song and dance, have been re-engaged for one week longer. The Lingard burlesque continues on the bills and is received each evening with great delight. Next week Louie Boshell, a young lady formerly of the Carter Bonave Troupe, will appear as a fancy dancer.

THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT.—The general committee, on April 25th, approved of the executive committee's selection, made awhile ago, of the design, from the hand of J. Q. Adams Ward, the sculptor, for the bronze statue of Shakespeare. It is to be placed upon the foundation, which was laid in Central Park on the 23d of April, 1864, the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. A formal contract for the furnishing of the same with all reasonable dispatch was lately concluded by and between Mr. Ward, the sculptor, and the Hon. Charles P. Daly, as chairman, and Mr. Hackett, as secretary, on the part of the executive committee, and Mr. Ward indulges the hope that he will be able to complete and place said statue upon its base on the occasion of the next anniversary of the poet's birth.

THE site of Barnum's Museum will be sold at auction on June 10th.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS closed their performances at the Broadway Theatre on May 30. The attendance throughout has been moderate. They are succeeded this week by "Miss Matilda Heron," who, in her specialty of Camille, first came prominently into notice some years ago at this house.

MESSRS. ALHAIZA AND CALABRESI, of the New Orleans Opera House, are to inaugurate a season of Opera Bouffe at the French Theatre on Thursday evening, June 4, introducing Lamblee, in her great impersonation of Eurydice, in "Orphee aux Enfers," by Offenbach.

OLE BULL fiddles for the last time, "prior to his departure for Europe" on June 2d.

JAMES COLLIER returned to this city from his western tour on May 27th, called hence by the sudden illness of a relative.

J. HENNAGE CARTER, of the Carter Zouave Troupe, was in this city the past week. He will organize a variety troupe early in the fall.

WILLIAM WHEATLEY has retired for awhile from the active duties of manager, to his summer retreat at Coney Island, to enjoy the salt water breezes.

W. H. WHALLEY is in the fourth week of his engagement at the Old Bowery Theatre.

SEVERAL NEW FACES appear at the Theatre Comique this evening, viz.:—Sig. Caron and his sons, William Barry, Hank Mudge and J. Taylor. Mons. Airee also reappears. An original burletta, entitled "Nymphs of the Carribean Sea," will be produced.

JOHN CROSHER, tenor singer, appears at Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall, this evening.

HELENE SMITH puts in an appearance at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening.

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONS, drama'a agents, have a number of advertisements in this issue, to which we call the attention of managers and performers. They are desirous of learning the address of every member of the profession in the dramatic line. They also advertise for a full dramatic company for Willard's Theatre, Boston; also, for the Galveston, Texas, Theatre.

NO CHANGE takes place this week in the programme offered by the San Francisco Minstrels, the burlesque of the "Black and Tan Convention"—which is a very laughable affair—having been so well received as to warrant the management in continuing it.

RIGHT OF AUTHORSHIP.—We have been shown a private letter from Arthur Lloyd, the London composer and vocalist, to William Lingard, in which he—Lloyd—acknowledges Lingard as the author of the song of "On the Beach at Brighton," changed in this city to "On the Beach at Long Branch." We make this statement, as several parties in this city stated that Arthur Lloyd was the author of the song.

SARAH A. JOHNSON, professionally known as Sally Barnett, died in this city on May 28th. She at one time was connected with Niblo's, and also with the Richings Opera Troupe.

A MAMMOTH MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT will take place at the Academy of Music, on the afternoon of June 8th, for the benefit of the benevolent association known as the Elks, an association consisting of many of the most prominent performers in the dramatic, Music Hall, and Ethiopian professions in this city, formed for the purpose of taking proper care of their members when sick, and, in case of death, to pay the last tribute of respect. The association is in every respect a most praiseworthy one, and deserving the earnest support of the public and all brother professionals. This entertainment is for the sole benefit of this organization, and such a gathering of minstrel talent for a single performance has never before been witnessed in this country. A regular first part and olio will be given. The ends will be occupied by Eph Horn and Nelse Seymour, with Cool White interlocutor; George Leslie, George Percival, C. Templeton, tenors; Louis Nevers, Joseph Cooke, and George Gay, baritones; J. W. Glenn, George Rockefeller, and John F. Oberist, altos; C. F. Shattuck, J. H. Hilton, and Joseph Norrie, basses; Fred Hoffman, musical director. In the olio will appear John Mulligan, Frank Brewer, Charlie Hughes, Dave Reed, Billy Archer son, J. K. Campbell, Tony Pastor, Frank Kerna, Bobby Newcomb, Billy Sheppard, Master Stevie Rogers, Prof. W. Hilton, G. F. McDonald, Thomas Riggs, G. W. Thompson, and others. The music will be furnished by four complete orchestras, under the leadership of Prof. Brahaim. For full particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

Dramatic.

LOTTA, who, it was stated, had broken her Louisville engagement, writes us that some weeks previous to the date for her opening there, she was informed that Mr. Fuller had closed his theatre, and did as any other star would have done, filled up the six nights elsewhere. Had Mr. Fuller intended to open again for my six nights, he should have written to that effect, and not left it until three days before the time. I would just as soon have played in Louisville as Indianapolis.

MURRAY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, from Portland, Me., opened in Augusta, Me., on May 25th, and played during the week to good business. Kate Fisher met with an accident on the opening night, which at one time threatened to prove fatal. In taking the lower run in "Mazeppa," on the first time, the horse was unable to turn, owing to the small space, but through the exertion of Wm. Derr the horse was enabled to get upon the next run, when becoming excited, he stepped over the edge, where the distance to the stage was twenty-seven feet, and went crashing through the scene to the stage, Miss Fisher, with presence of mind, clinging to her horse until near the stage, when she watched her opportunity and sprang clear off him, falling on her side, receiving several severe bruises, but no bones were broken. The horse did not receive a single scratch. It was not until the curtain was rung up, and Miss Fisher and her steed were seen, could the audience be brought to realize the truth of what Manager Murray assured them, when their enthusiasm broke forth in one deafening shout, and at every subsequent appearance of the lady they testified their delight at her providential escape.

STEVENSON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY appeared in Ann Arbor, Mich., the week ending May 23d, and are this week in Battle Creek. Mollie Williams and Felix A. Vincent, are the principal attractions.

ALICE KINGSBURY closed an engagement at the Little Rock, Ark., Theatre, on May 30th. She opened May 22d, in "Fanchon."

THE ZANFRETTA AND SIEGRIST COMBINATION appeared in Indianapolis, Ind., on May 28th, 29th and 30th. Harry Gurr is in the party.

THE ZOE ALLIANCE are playing in the oil regions. They were in Petroleum Centre, the past week, and this week appear in Erie, their second visit to that town.

ANNIE GILBERT appeared at Walden's Opera House, Paterson, N. J., on May 30th, as Mrs. Willoughby, in the "Ticket of Leave Man."

MR. AND MRS. G. B. WALDRON made their last appearance for the present, in Salt Lake City, on May 16th, as Phidias and Aspasia, in "The Marble Heart."

KATE FISHER took a benefit in Augusta, Me., on May 26th, when the "French Spy" was produced.

MESSRS. GUERNSEY AND FISKE'S Grand Duchess Combination, may be negotiated with by managers, as per card in our advertising columns.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE commenced an engagement of two weeks at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on May 25, opening in "Martha," with Castle, Campbell, Peakes, the Seguins and Miss Richings in the cast. Our correspondent "Novice" says:—"The house was very large, the reception of the company enthusiastic and the opera given in a delightful manner. On the following evening 'Bohemian Girl' was sung, and fashionable audience assembled, every portion of the auditorium being crowded. The solos as a rule, and the rendition of the opera greatly enjoyed. The 'Bohemian Girl' was offered on the 27th, introducing for the first time in this city, and for the third time on the operatic stage, Miss Edith Abel, who sustained the *role* of Arline, and was deservedly *encored* in that charming song, 'I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls.' Mr. Campbell as Count Arnheim was also *encored* in 'The Heart Bowed Down,' and Mr. Castle in that other favorite song, 'When Other Lips and Other Hearts.' Mr. E. Seguin displayed his acknowledged talents as an actor in the part of Devilshoof. The fine choruses of this popular opera were well given, and the entire company justified the applause which has been bestowed upon it throughout its present engagement. The attractiveness of the audience was materially increased by the presence (on this occasion) of the members of the Chinese Embassy, accompanied by Ambassador Burlingame. The present engagement of the Richings troupe is likely to outdo all their preceding ones in this city. 'La Somnambula' was presented on May 28th, with Miss Richings as Amina, Mr. Bernard as Elvino (Mr. Castle's *role*,) and Mr. Campbell as Count Rudolph. This evening (29th) Mr. H. C. Peakes receives a benefit, 'Fra Diavolo' is the opera announced. The 'Lily of Killarney' will be given on the 30th."

HERNE AND SHELDON'S Company, consisting of Mrs. James A. Oates, J. A. Herne, W. P. Sheldon, G. R. Radcliffe, Pauline Hayden, Hettie Williamson and others, performed in Tiffin, Ohio, the past week.

KATE RANOE, who came to this city from England at the commencement of the present season, can be engaged to do leading business. See her address elsewhere.

OUR CALIFORNIA ADVICES are up to May 10th, under which date a correspondent sends us the following *resume*:—"Mrs. D. P. Bowers commences her second week of 'Elizabeth,' at the Metropolitan, to-morrow night. The engagement of this artist has been, thus far, one of the most triumphant histrionic successes ever achieved on the San Francisco stage. The audiences have been the most fashionable assemblages ever seen within the walls of a San Francisco theatre. Her Julia, in the 'Hunchback,' is one of her finest conceptions. As Diana, in 'Donna Diana,' she was charming, and portrayed the gradual changes of Diana's sentiments with artistic skill and fidelity. 'Elizabeth,' which was produced on the 4th, for the first time, is evidently her best and most pronounced performance, and it has attracted large and well pleased audiences..... Emma and Ada Webb, supported by Harry Courtaine, commenced their second engagement at the Opera House on the 4th inst., appearing in 'Lost in London,' with Emma as Nelly. Ada as Teddy, Harry Courtaine as Gilbert, and Fred Franks as Blinker. The drama was played until the 7th, to not full houses, when it was withdrawn, and the 'Ticket of Leave Man' produced, with Emma as May Edwards, and Ada as Sam Willoughby, and continued through the week. Thus far their re-engagement has proved anything but a success; but probably a tide in their affairs will have come when Monday evening arrives, for Ben Truman's new play, a comedy entitled, 'Life,' will also be produced, and as it is a local piece, it will no doubt be a success..... To-night—Sunday evening—Mr. Julius Ascher appears at the Metropolitan, for the last time but one in this city, as Isidor Brasfisch in 'Ein Armer Teufel'..... Minnie Loder, scrio-comic vocalist, arrived on the 1st inst. and will shortly appear at the Olympic..... Harry Leslie and Harry Raynor will leave for your city on the 14th inst. Leslie goes to the place of his nativity, Buffalo, from which he has been absent sixteen years. Raynor will proceed to England to visit his folks..... The advance agent for Chiarini's Circus arrived here from Mexico on the 1st inst. The report published a short time ago, of the rumored accidental shooting of either Painter or Durand, originated most likely from the event of the assassination of Blas Orosco, a Spanish gymnast and member of the company. Orosco was sitting on a bench in the plaza at Marathan, when a Mexican officer came up, an entire stranger to Orsco, evidently under the influence of liquor, and sat alongside of him, quietly drew a revolver and shot Orosco in the side, from which wound he died in twenty hours. The officer was arrested, tried by court martial and shot. No motive but drunken devilry could be assigned for the murder. ..... The California Minstrels closed at the Temple of Music last night and have gone on a traveling tour through the interior. Mark Taylor took a benefit on the 2d inst. and the auditorium was crowded. This company open in Sacramento, at the Academy of Music, on the 13th inst., for a short season..... At the Metropolitan, Sacramento, Mr. Barrett and his company have met with a warm reception at the hands of the half-drowned "Sacreds," and is nightly called before the curtain to thank them for their applause. He broke the ice by producing "Hamlet," "Rosedale," "Othello," "Don Cæsar" and the "Apostate" have been performed since. Last evening "Richard III." was given, and on the 11th Mr. Barrett's benefit is announced. Tuesday evening he will open at Marysville..... The Rand Sisters have been troubling the folks at Grass Valley, and to pay the aspiring feminine stars for their labor, the kind people gave them a complimentary benefit on the 4th..... Yankee Plummer laid his fixtures last week before an admiring crowd at Washoe, and passed away for over an hour, much to the delectation of the Washoeites..... The Belmonters, in Nevada, have got a theatre and a troupe playing in it. I see by a programme a day or two since, that Emile dramatic entertainments are given every evening by a company of seven disciples of the cork 'opera'..... The Wilson Troupe are traveling through the Northern portion of the State of Colusa..... Stickney's Circus has been doing a big business for the past week, no less than two thousand persons being present at each representation, and certainly, upon one occasion, over four thousand were jammed literally into the pavilion to witness the bare back acts. The double somersaulting acts of Saunders, the wonderful feats of the flexible Donovan Brothers, the daring and graceful riding of Petite Lee, the dashing *equestrienne* exercises of M'lle Maria, the witticisms of Sam Stickney and the remarkable tricks of the performing horse, 'Alla Pasha,' one and all elicit the hearty applause of delighted audiences. The grand ballet of the 'Miller's Daughter' is a showy and attractive feature. As the steamer was crossing the bar, that had the circus on board, the Arabian stud, 'Alla Pasha,' was thrown down and caught by the sides of the box stall that he was in. By the orders of the Captain, the stall was broken apart and the horse released from his uncomfortable position. 'Alla Pasha' was considerably chafed and bruised..... Chiarini's, another circus, will be here in about ten days..... At the Olympic the Japs have attracted fair houses..... Wilson's Circus will be here about the 15th, from China..... Armory Hall, San Jose, having been leased by Messrs. Edwards, Bates and Vinsop, managers of the Metropolitan, was opened on the 2d inst., with a fine array of dramatic talent in the comedy of 'Caste,' and 'Day after the Wedding.'

THE FRENCH OPERA, after a disastrous season in New Orleans, terminated its season on May 23d. A correspondent says:—"The names of Mesdames Audibert, Lambele, Fanschetti, Prevost Seguin, Bondro, and Messrs. Picot, Damiani, Le Chevallier, Von Huffien, Gravier and Chamounin will be pleasurably remembered by our citizens. As for the orchestra, under the management of Calebresi, it has not been excelled in this city. Amongst the benefits, those of Picot, Damiani, Calebrisi, and Van Huffien were the best attended of the gentlemen, but the largest and most brilliant one was that of Madame Audibert, a most excellent singer and actress."

BENEFITS were in order the past week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y. On May 25th J. L. Gossin took his, and on the 26th A. W. Gregory had a fair house. On the 29th several members of the company who received no salary in consequence of the sudden taking off of Manager Olney, made an appeal, when Edwin Adams volunteered and recited "Sheridan's Ride." Jean Hosmer also volunteered and the house was crowded. MRS. James Dickson was up for a "ben" on the 30th. This week Manager Keech resumes the management.

A TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH from St. Louis, Mo., informs us that Mr. Crabtree,

himself to be a natural wonder by his various performances, more particularly in naming correctly five or six notes, struck simultaneously by Prof. Geo. Bristow, generally recognized as the leading theoretical musician in this country. Mr. Bristow submitted Tom to a severe test of his imitative powers. The imitation of the musical box was a very pleasing part of the programme.

THE HIBERNICONS was on exhibition at Yonkers, N. Y., on May 29th and 30th.

THE SPAULDING BELL RINGERS are said to be meeting with success in Connecticut. Georgie Dean Spaulding's harp solos take well, while her singing is of high order. The bell music is all arranged by her, and reflects credit upon the lady. The company played at Ellington, Conn., May 25th, and Rockville, 26th. The route for this week is Willimantic, Bristol, Middletown, Danbury, Stanford, Hartford and New Haven.

SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXALS are advertised to appear in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 5th and 6th inst.

ROBERT M. DEWITT, well known in the publishing business for many years, has of late made a specialty of publishing the finest English plays, all of which he is now prepared to furnish managers and performers with at the low price of fifteen cents each. For a complete list of his latest publications consult our theatrical advertisements. He has also published the latest song and joke books of the day sung by some of the popular vocalists and minstrel performers.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S COMBINATION will be in Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 1st and 2d inst.; Muskegan, 4th, 5th and 6th; and goes thence to Milwaukee, Wis.

MAJOR BURNELL has established what has long been needed in Pittsburgh, a Museum and Zoological Institute, in Franklin Hall. The place is neatly fitted up and profusely stocked with living curiosities, among which are the Happy Family, Herr Kerpen, who has a beard seven feet in length, the white and black twins, an endless collection of birds, reptiles and small animals.

THEATRICAL GOODS of every description are furnished by Messrs. Schuyler, Hartley and Graham, whose advertisement will be found in another column.

"ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH," a song made popular in this city by William Lingard, the London Comic, has been published by William A. Pond & Co., also "Walking Down Broadway," "Everybody's Friend," and "Bosom Friend," all of which can be procured from the music publishers, as will be seen by a card elsewhere.

OLE BULL gave two concerts in Washington last week, assisted by Miss Jennie Lanlsman, *prima donna*; Mr. Gustavus F. Hall, baritone, and Mr. Egbert Lansing, pianist.

AN AGENT, A. A. W., advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement.

THE LINGARD MINIC CONCERT COMPANY has been billed for an appearance at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn, June 8th.

P. J. PLUM advertises in the CLIPPER for a position as agent, either for a minstrel, circus or variety troupe.

SIGNOR BLITZ, who has been before the public for many years as a magician, took his leave of the stage at a complimentary testimonial given him at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Friday evening, May 29th. Theodore Blitz, son of his father, made his *debut* as a ventriloquist on the occasion. And thus, after, it is said, a "sleight" acquaintance with the public for half a century, exit Blitz!

FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS in Philadelphia during the past week did not create the *furore* which attended her previous appearance in that city.

CHARLES H. DAY, the New Haven, Ct., publisher, makes known his catalogue and prices in this week's CLIPPER, as usual.

W. P. HARRISON, comic and extemporaneous vocalist, opens in Boston, at the Theatre Comique, on June 1st.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS give notice elsewhere that they continue to supply parties with every kind of apparatus required by a magician, and are also prepared to accept engagements to give performances in legerdemain.

SENORITA JOSEFINA FILOMENO, violinist and pianist, only fourteen years of age, gave three concerts at Philharmonic Hall, St. Louis, Mo., on May 26th, 27th and 28th. She is pronounced a remarkable musical prodigy, and boldly challenges attention and admiration.

THE KUNKEL BROTHERS—Charles and Jacob—pianists and composers, have permanently located themselves in St. Louis.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHIAN AMATEUR ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" on May 28th, with Mr. Perry as Switchel, Jas. Quigley as Joe Morgan, and Miss C. Graham as Mary Morgan, who are said to have been excellent. Mr. Thomas as Frank Slade, Mr. Crest as Simon Slade, Mr. Franklin as Romain, Mr. Howard as Harvey Green, Mr. Buck as Willie Hammond, Miss Baker as Mrs. Morgan, Miss Sheldon as Mehitable, and Miss Hamilton as Mrs. Slade. ....The Wheatley gave "The Serious Family," with an after-piece, on May 27th. ..... The Shakespeare played "The Ticket of Leave Man" on May 28th. ..... The Dramatic Union performed "The Lady of Lyons," at Washington Hall, on May 26th, assisted by outside talent.

THE WALLACK DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Washington, gave an entertainment in that city one evening last week, and succeeded in drawing a very remunerative audience. The "Momentous Question" and "Rough Diamond" were the pieces performed.

THE AMATEURS of Mobile, Ala., gave their first performance at the theatre, on May 29th, to a large audience. An opening address was delivered by the President, after which "Box and Cox" was performed. Oliver B. Doud was stage manager. The second performance was to take place on May 27th.

THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Baltimore, were to give the tragedy of "Othello," at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on the 1st of June.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of this city, is in want of a few members to assist at a performance shortly to be given.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—No change of any importance took place at the London Theatres during the week ending May 16th, except the commencement of a brief season of French plays at the St. James Theatre. There is little else that is noteworthy in theatrical affairs. The three opening pieces at the St. James were "Le Cabaret de Lustucru" ("The Follies of A Night,") "Le Pauvre Jacques" ("Monsieur Jacques,") and "Riche d'Amour" ("Lend Me Five Shillings.") Mr. Ravel was the star of the evening and was called before the curtain.....Sadler's Wells Theatre reopened on May 11th, under the management of Mr. Powell, with Adah Isaacs Menken as directress. The opening piece consisted of the ..... the principal interest of which is entirely owing to Miss Menken. In respects the performance was the same as has previously been exhibited at Astley's, the Pavilion and elsewhere. Miss Menken, clad in the most gorgeous of costumes, first appeared as the page, and displayed her customary defiance of all by whom she was surrounded, except the fair object of adoration, Olinska. She was bound to the fiery, untamed steed, and cantered after her usual fashion up the stage of the theatre. At Sadler's Wells the same enthusiasm that this feat has previously aroused was not wanting. Loud plaudits rung from all parts of the house, and a hearty summons was given at the close of the performance. The piece was well mounted, and the entire representation was completely successful.....Prof. Anderson and his daughters commenced an engagement at the Pavilion on May 11th. The performances included the mysteries of the world of magic and of second sight. The latter trick, and other feats of legerdemain.....The Princess' Theatre which was closed for two weeks, was to be reopened on May 16th, under the management of Messrs. Woodward and Wyndham; "Nobody's Child," originally produced at the Surrey, was to be performed.....Mr. Phillips' play of "Ambition" has been revived at the Surrey, Mr. Creswick reappearing in the character of Ethelwold. "The Trapper Trapped" and "A Cure for the Fidgets" have been the other attractions.....At the Victoria, "Oliver Twist" has been revived. The part of Oliver was sustained by Master Boulton; Miss Bellair, as Nancy; Mr. Yarnold, as Dodger; Mr. Nanton, as Sykes. "The Female Detective" was the concluding piece..... "Hunted to Death," a *ballet*, and "The Flying Scud" have been performed at the Grecian..... "London by Night" or "The Dark Side of the Great Metropolis" is the title of a new drama by Mr. Travers, produced at the Britannia on May 11th.....Alfred Wigan reappeared at the Queen's Theatre on May 13th, in "The Four Nobleman"..... The "Tempest" was produced at the Standard on the 11th. On the 13th, Mr. Douglass, the lessee, made his appearance after an absence of ten years. The nautical drama of "Ben the Boatswain" was performed, and in this Mr. Douglass played Ben. His appearance was hailed with delight, and so prolonged was the greeting that the performance was for some time interrupted .....No change calling for comment has taken place at the Haymarket, Adelphi, Lyceum, Olympic, Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', Holborn and Alexander Theatres, nor at the Holborn Amphitheatre.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—Offenbach's "Pont des Soupirs," formerly played at the Bouffes Parisiens, has been produced at the Varieties. It is pronounced one of Offenbach's best works and has been long unheard.....Halevy's opera, "La Zuive," has, to the astonishment of everybody, been given at the Opera..... Owing to the sudden indisposition of M. Paul Deshayes, the performance of "King Lear" at the Odeon has been suspended and Picard's comedy of "La Petite Fille" has been hurriedly mounted. After the usual summer recess, it has been decided to reopen the theatre with the piece of M. Marc Bayeux, which has been accepted by the management of the Odeon after its rejection by the Comedie Francais.....'Le Comte d' Essex," a drama in six *tableaux*, founded by M. Couturier upon English history, is now holding possession of the Chatelet. It is pronounced a long and rather tedious piece, but is a success..... "Le Chateau de Toto," a three act opera bouffe, has been produced at the Palais Royal, and is the last Offenbachian extravaganza.

JOSEPH PRATT died in Exeter, Eng., May 13th. As an improvisatore he is said to have been unequalled. He was a fellow of infinite jest, and had often kept the table in a roar. Only a fortnight previous to his death he composed an extempore song, in which he sketched, with truth and power, some of the ablest men in the city and sang it in in their presence. He was also gifted with much literary ability.

LADY DON appeared at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on May 11th, in "Under the Gaslight," and the drama has been favorably received.

MISS KATE REIGNOLDS was to open in London, Eng., May 23d, as Donna Violante.

A YOUNG Prussian violinist executes difficult compositions without arms, of which members the artist is utterly deprived by nature. He places his violin on a stool before him, takes his bow between the toes of his left foot, and presses the strings with the toes of his right. He has given several concerts at Berlin and Lcipsic, and is soon to perform in Paris.

ALTHOUGH the Spanish people are generally supposed to be fast, and of an "immoral tendency," yet we see that they have, through the theatrical censor, forbidden the performance of the "Grand Duchess."

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS, by royal command, recently read before the Queen.

MISS KATE REIGNOLDS, it is said, has been offered the *role* of Helen in Reade and Boucicault's "Foul Play." If true, Miss Reignolds' good looks will prevent it from being foul play.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
LESSEE AND MANAGER.....WM. WHEATLEY
Doors open at 7½; curtain rises, 7¾.
139TH PERFORMANCE.
MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1868, AND EVERY NIGHT,
will be presented the Burlesque Extravaganza, entitled the
WHITE FAWN,
Introducing Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated
PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE!
M'LLE DE ROSA,
the Star European Ascolista
WILL APPEAR IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE MOST EMINENT TERPSICHOREAN ARTISTS
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SPLENDID SCENERY, COSTUMES, APPOINTMENTS
NEW MUSIC, SONGS AND AN EXCELLENT DRAMATIC CAST.
GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

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ADMISSION, 50 CENTS.
THRONGED HOUSES. UNDIMINISHED ENTHUSIASM.
FIFTIETH PERFORMANCE and EVERY NIGHT until further notice of
FARIS AND HELEN,
In which the versatile and charming Sisters,
SOPHIE, IRENE AND JENNIE, APPEAR
as
PARIS, HELEN AND ORESTES.
introducing the great CAN-CAN DANCE, and giving all of OFFENBACH'S exquisite Music.
MR. H. M. LEFFINGWELL, nightly, in his immensely humorous character of
ROMEO JAFFIER JENKINS.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 2 O'CLOCK.

SITUATION WANTED.
As Agent or Assistant, either Circus, Minstrel or Variety Troupe. Accustomed east and west.
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14TH STREET AND IRVING PLACE.
MONDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 8TH, 1868,
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
GRAND
MINSTREL FESTIVAL,
BENEFIT OF THE FUND OF THE PERFORMERS' BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS.
On which occasion will be presented
THE
GREATEST COMBINATION
OF
TALENT
THE WORLD EVER WITNESSED,
PRESENTING:
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS, KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTELS,
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS OF BROOKLYN,
SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS, TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION,
THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY,
AND
MANY OTHER FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS
IN THEIR RESPECTIVE SPECIALTIES.
FOUR COMPLETE ORCHESTRAS combined in one.
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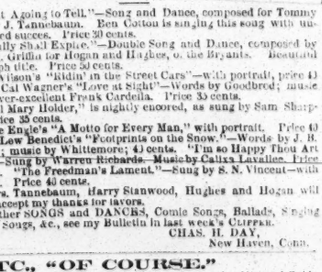

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